

THE HOUSEWIFE

NOVEMBER 1910



THE A. D. PORTER CO., PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK



Scene on Riverside Drive, New York

Where Children Are Fed with Oatmeal

Among the homes of the educated—on the boulevards, in the higher-class sections and university districts—an actual canvass shows that seven in eight regularly serve oatmeal.

Among the homes of the ignorant—in the tenement districts—not one home in twelve serves oats.

The use of oatmeal depends on knowledge, not money. Quaker Oats—the finest of all—costs but one-half cent per dish.

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Some Statistics

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(74)

CHICAGO



Scene on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

The Supreme Egotism of Young Girls

By Hilda Richmond



IF I had a daughter and she was half as nice to me as Mrs. L—is to her mother, I should be perfectly satisfied," sighed a matron to her guest as two ladies walked past the house. "Of course my boys are the best in the world, but I always longed for a daughter. Before Mrs. L— moved into the neighborhood I was beginning to be reconciled, because so many young girls are so careless of their mothers, and I thought perhaps I had missed a great deal of sorrow, but now all the old feeling comes back and my heart cries out for a daughter once more."

"Yes, she is a devoted daughter, but she 'was not ever thus' as the hymn has it. Mrs. L— knows that all her happiness comes from the fact that when she was a selfish, inconsiderate, headstrong girl her mother saved her from misery, and she is always trying to atone for it," said the friend. "It was only her mother's watchfulness that kept her from eloping with a worthless scoundrel, and she is thankful every day for that fact. I have known them all my life, and all this happened before they moved here. I remember very well how Fanny cried and stormed and declared her heart was broken, but her mother, with all the patience and love and watchfulness a mother can command, saved her. It isn't a secret, for Fannie L— tells her story to all the young girls of her acquaintance to save them from like folly, but she isn't always able to convince them."

The stories of young girls falling madly in love with worthless men do not always end so happily. In fact the very man from whom Fanny L— was saved, married a gentle, refined, educated young girl in spite of everything her friends could do and say, and dragged her down with him to poverty and wretchedness and disgrace along with innocent little children. There comes a time in the life of almost every young girl when she is so supremely egotistical, that Solomon himself could not give her counsel. Even the best and dearest maidens, who fall in love with the right men, imagine themselves endowed with superior wisdom, and able for all things, when everything may have been so cleverly manipulated that they had no chance to fall in love with the wrong men. The mothers who know something of the will or won't power of young girls from experience and observation, quietly eliminate the fascinating scoundrels from their daughters' list of friends, and cling to the belief that prevention is always better than cure. "I never dreamed that Mamie would look at that dissipated John K—" wailed a mother recently. "Of course I couldn't be anything but friendly to him for the sake of his parents, but I didn't imagine there would be a bit of danger." So "for the sake of his parents" she got the young man for a son-in-law for a brief period, and then the daughter of the house took refuge in the divorce court. And not only that, but she bitterly reproaches her mother for allowing such young men to frequent her home and thus expose the young and foolish girl to danger.

Not long ago a mother was endeavoring to persuade her daughter that a certain young man with whom she was violently in love, or thought she was, would not make a husband who would make her happy, or even with whom she could live in peace and quietness. She pointed out the fact that his mother, his sister, his father and a host of friends had had infinite patience with his faults, and had set him on his feet time and again, all to no permanent advantage, but the girl would not be convinced. "They don't understand poor James," said the maiden loftily. "I am the only one who can save him, and I intend to do it." When the mother inquired when and how she got the superior wisdom that would enable her to transform a worthless life into a worthy one, the girl looked at her with a patient pity and said: "James says I can." From that there was no appeal, but in a few years James said something entirely different, and the girl declared she could not and would not live with such a brute.

And it isn't always on the marriage question that young girls imagine themselves wise above their relatives and friends. Many a time a girl has caused her family untold suffering by defying established custom, in the belief that she is asserting her independence. There are

women who are happily married, and against whom the world never utters a word, who look back with grief and shame to the days of young girlhood when they defied convention and the authority of parents, and yet at the time Heaven and earth couldn't convince them there was anything wrong with their actions. No doubt many of the rules and regulations of society, local ones especially, seem foolish and irksome to young people, but the only safe way is to respect law and order, even the unwritten law, which is often more powerful than those on the statute books, and brings swift and sure punishment. A young girl who openly defied custom in a small city, because she thought the rules foolish, found every door closed against her. She had a most miserable, lonely time until she had sense enough to show by months of careful conduct that she had repented of her folly. And yet there was nothing wicked about her conduct. In some places it is quite "the thing" for young married men to call on their married women friends, but in other places this is frowned upon. In some localities the young people go about freely to parties and entertainments without a chaperone, while in others that sort of social doings is looked upon with horror. But the young girl who sets up her will as authority against custom, may as well know from the start that she is bound to get into trouble.

Often the egotism of young girls is the direct result of the foolishness of parents, and brings the unhappy girl hours of misery when she awakens to a realization of her folly. A dreamy young girl who was accustomed to hearing her parents boast of her utter indifference, set herself to more thoroughly cultivate this trait. She mooned about home with her fond mother to pick up after her and watch over her like an infant, but when she went out into the world people had no patience with her. She expected the same homage from the world that she received from her foolish father and mother, but it goes without saying that she was dropped completely. Instead of educating the folly out of her, they prepared her for a life of misery. She feels ill used and neglected, so her parents pet her all the more and help her think she is a very remarkable girl. Just a little common sense treatment at the right time of her life would have helped her, or at least it would not have sanctioned the silliness, but it is probably too late now to save her to a happy, useful life. The young men of today are looking for sweet, human, sensible girls, not for dolls, so while her parents are boasting of her absent-mindedness and utter disregard of the common things of life, the other girls are having a good time and getting married and setting up happy homes all in the most common place manner. It is a bitter moment when the spoiled, petted darling of the home discovers that the world will not bow down and worship her, as did the home folks, but often it is the best thing that can happen, and the only thing that makes her fit for life's duties. Surely young girls have so much native conceit that it is not necessary for parents to cultivate it in them.

But if the girls are safely and gently guided past the shoals of conceit and egotism, they usually land safe and sound in the haven of common sense a little later on. For this reason parents need to be ever on the alert, for to sit down and say that "my girls" wouldn't do thus and so while every other girl should be safely guarded is the height of folly. Indeed nothing at all should be said on the subject, but a great deal of work done to educate the girl, and keep her from forming undesirable friendships, either with young men or young women. She may not thank you now for your infinite pains, and she may be a great trial with her whims and follies and selfishness, but don't give up in despair. Later on the very qualities you are having trouble with now will make her a sensible person. When various liquids are fermenting and causing trouble by casting out the impurities they contain, the inexperienced person would declare the whole thing worthless, but when the foaming and fizzling are over, and the liquid is calm and clear and valuable, the days when it was cloudy and turbulent and hard to manage are forgotten. Keep the girl from sin and folly at the danger period, and she will repay you a thousand fold for your worry and work when the stage of fermentation is all past, and her clear, serene life is a blessing to everyone with whom she comes in contact.



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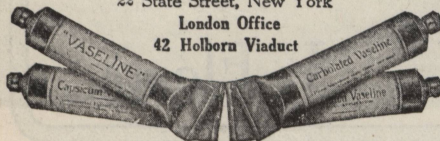
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THE HOUSEWIFE

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE, Editor

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As subscriptions are always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, renewals should be promptly forwarded because we cannot, as a rule, supply back numbers. The receipt of the Magazine with a Pink Subscription Blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired and should be renewed without delay to avoid loss of numbers and breaks in the serial stories.

Address all communications to The Housewife, 52 Duane Street,
New York

A FEW FRIENDLY REMINDERS

A Word to the Club Raiser

ONCE more the subscription harvest is ripe for the gathering. Some of our friends make an all-the-year-round business of securing subscriptions to THE HOUSEWIFE and are very successful at it, but the majority do their strongest work just at this time of year when they have the new premiums as incentives. There should be a large crop ready for harvesting, for this is positively the last Winter season when single subscriptions to THE HOUSEWIFE can be taken at thirty-five cents each. In clubs of four or more, subscriptions may still be taken at twenty-five cents each with a premium to the club raiser, but by February 15th we expect to raise the yearly rate for single subscriptions to fifty cents. This information is valuable, not only to the club raisers but to the individual subscriber, as it affects renewals as well as new subscriptions.

For the past few months we have been steadily giving warning of this prospective advance in price, but have set no definite date for its occurrence, the one now mentioned having been decided upon because it comes at a time when it will not seriously affect the interests of our loyal friends who have stood by us so nobly in the past and whose good we have always at heart.

Remember, please, this is positively the last Winter season that subscriptions may be taken at the old price of thirty-five cents each, and this fact, together with such a fine number of THE HOUSEWIFE as the present one to exhibit as a sample, should secure for the club raisers double as many subscriptions as they have ever taken before.

A New Serial "A Waif and a Wife" Begins in December

EVERYONE who subscribes on or before November 25th receives the October, November and December numbers of THE HOUSEWIFE free, and are thus assured of the complete story "Anne of Avonlea," which has proved even more popular than "Anne of Green Gables," and will also have the full benefit of the new serial "A Waif and a Wife," a romance of intense heart interest, altogether different from "Anne" but of even greater charm, the author being one of the best known of American women writers, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. In addition to these there will be a delightful short serial "The Encumbrances," by Stella McAllister Slack, which begins in the December number and is a love story of the best kind. Two stories by L. M. Montgomery, the author of "Anne," will also appear during the coming year. The above combination with the addition of several short stories makes THE HOUSEWIFE for December the strongest fiction number we have ever printed—all of it good clean fiction, too, free from sensationalism and morbidity, just the kind that everyone in the household can safely read. We have been complimented frequently on the class of stories that are printed in THE HOUSEWIFE and we are certain those that appear during the new year will uphold our established reputation.

Send for the Premium List

ARE you one of those who have sent for the New Premium List? If not, please without delay let us have your name and address on a postal card. It is only fair for you to do at least that much when we have spent thought and time and money lavishly in preparing this list for you. We stated last month it was ready and thousands have been sent out to those who have asked for it but it is possible you were not among that number. We prepared it just as much for you as for those other subscribers or would-be subscribers, and as we do not want to neglect anyone we will really appreciate your help to the extent of your name and address on that postal. No time like the present minute to do it.

After you receive the list if anything therein shown strikes your fancy—there are numerous handsome articles suitable for Christmas or birthday presents for young, middle-aged and old, men, women, boys, girls and little children—write us. We will furnish you with sample copies of THE HOUSEWIFE and a complete club raiser's outfit without a penny of cost to you, and we will also give you full lessons in canvassing that will be of value to you no matter what magazine you work for. A very little work on your part will give you your Christmas presents free of cost—valuable, handsome, new style presents too, such as anyone would be proud to receive. See the New Premium List for full particulars.

In this connection please remember when sending THE HOUSEWIFE as a Christmas or birthday present to friends to always notify them of the coming of the magazine so they may understand why it is arriving, also remember that it is impossible to make for thirty-five cents any other gift as valuable and acceptable and handsome as THE HOUSEWIFE and be sure to put it on your Christmas list.

In closing let us again impress it on your memory that every day shortens the time when a year of THE HOUSEWIFE can be obtained for thirty-five cents. We have stretched the limit as much as possible to oblige you and you will have only yourself to blame if you have to pay fifty cents later for what you can now have for thirty-five cents.



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By Annie Fellows Johnston	By Edith Robinson	A Child's Garden of Verses,
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By Kate Upson Clarke	By Molly Elliott Seawell	Wee Dorothy
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BEGINNING CHEERFULLY

"Tis better to laugh than to be sighing,
For a while then resolve to be gay."

Pretty Thin

Numerous complaints had come before a certain public official in regard to the quality of food served to the inmates of one of the public institutions, and he determined to make a personal investigation in order to see if the matter really needed remedying.

Making his way just about dinner-time to the particular building in question he walked straight over to where the kitchen was located. At the very door he encountered two muscular-looking men carrying a huge steaming boiler.

"Put that kettle down," he ordered brusquely, and the men at once obeyed.

"Get me a spoon," he next commanded. The man that brought the spoon was about to say something, but he was ordered to keep silent.

"Take off the lid," was the next command; "I'm going to taste it."

The two men were utterly cowed by the brusqueness of the official, and wonderingly watched him gulp down a good mouthful.

"Do you mean to say you call this soup?" the official demanded. "Why, it tastes to me like dirty water."

"So it is, sir," replied one of the men respectfully. "We were just scrubbing the floors."

A Compliment

"I wonder what the teacher meant about the singing of my two daughters?"

"What did he say?"

"He said that Mamie's voice was good, but Maude's was better still."

Matching Her Sample

What the little girl with the ten cents in pennies wanted was some red ribbon of a particular shade for her mother. She knew the shade, but she couldn't explain it, and all she could say was it wasn't that, no, nor that, nor that, it was deeper than that, and not so deep as that, and so on.

The mission was looking hopeless, when suddenly she darted from the shop, and seized a passing gentleman by the hand.

"Will you please come into this shop with me?" she asked innocently.

"Certainly my chickabiddy," replied the gentleman, "if I can be of any use! What is it?"

The little girl



A Positive Proof

"Uncle Will," said little Emily earnestly, "isn't it funny that everybody calls Brother a bouncing baby?"

"What is there funny about it?" asked Uncle Will, who was patiently playing nurse while the children's mother prepared tea.

"Because I've tried him. I dropped him real hard on the porch this morning and he didn't bounce a bit—he just hollered."

replied not, but led the wondering stranger to the counter.

"There, miss!" she said triumphantly, "Mother wants some ribbon the color of this gentleman's nose!"

It's All a Chance

The mistress was giving Harriet the benefit of her advice and counsel, touching a momentous step the latter contemplated.

"Of course, Harriet," said the lady of the house, "if you intend to get married, that's your own business; but you mustn't forget that marriage is a very serious matter."

"Yis, mum," said Harriet. "Yis, mum; I know 'tis sometimes mum. But, mum, maybe I'll have better luck than you."

No Time for Mirth

Tommy came out of a room in which his father was tacking down carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" asked his mother.

"P-p-p-papa hit his finger with the hammer," sobbed Tommy.

"Well, you needn't cry at a thing like that," comforted the mother. "Why didn't you laugh?"

"I did," sobbed Tommy disconsolate.

He Knew About Such Things

When a butcher answered the bell of his telephone instrument one day the shrill voice of a little girl greeted his ears.

"Hello! Is that Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes," he answered kindly.

"Well, can you tell us where grandpa's liver is? We've got to put a hot flannel on it, and we can't find it!"

She Wanted to Keep Dry

An alert little five-year old was taking a walk in a city park with her mother for the first time, and, when they arrived at the boat landing where the swan boats were waiting for passengers, little Elsie pulled away and declared very vigorously that she did not want to go, and as her mother urged her, she broke into tears.

The sudden fear was so unusual that her mother could not understand it until she heard the boatman's call:

"Come along, come along—ride clear around the pond—only five cents for ladies and gents—children thrown in!"

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Vol. XXVII

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1910

No. 6

THE REPRIEVING OF ICHABOD



By JULIA HEMPSTEAD BULL

Illustrated by William E. Parker



SURE it will take four loaves of bread to stuff him," gloated Nora. She stood in the little enclosure near the kitchen door with the Hildred children close at hand, and her mistress with the order book in which she was making Thanksgiving entries, watching from the sunny back porch.

"Stuffin'?" chirped Irene, in a rapturous crescendo; "Wiv gravy?" She kicked out her fat legs in ecstasy. Irene was given over to the pleasures of the appetite at an early age.

"And oysters in the stuffing," added Edna hungrily. "And oh, Nora, strain the cranberry sauce, won't you, and make it thick?"

"He certainly," said Mrs. Hildred, with conviction, "is the largest turkey that I ever saw."

"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" said Ichabod belligerently. He raised his feathers, spread his wings and drummed and strutted, his fierce little beady eyes fixed upon his audience.

"He's that red and swelled up in the head, you'd think he'd burst," chuckled Nora. "Ain't he the picture of Tim Hoolihan, though, wid his red nose an' bald head? An' a timper too, just like him. When he jumped at Towser this morning, I could just see Tim laying about among the boys wid that stick of his."

As though inspired by this comparison to a convincing demonstration of his ferocity, Ichabod bounced up like a rubber ball and pecked at Nora's apron.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Hildred, "He is getting so bad-tempered that I am almost afraid to have Irene play out in the yard."

"Nonsense," said Nora indulgently. "He's a good-hearted baste, at bottom. He wouldn't really hurt a fly, let alone the childer. And anyhow, to-morrow's Thanksgiving, an' that's the end of him." She sighed as she spoke and looked at the subject of her remarks with commiseration.

Ichabod had been presented to the Hildred establishment when a long-legged, knock-kneed stripling, and had peeped his solitary way among the indifferent flocks of ducks and chickens, to a proud and mighty gobblerhood. Now he held iron sway over the cringing barnyard, in a haughty contempt of its inferior inhabitants. Toward the family he displayed a patronizing tolerance, quite devoid of fear; while to Nora, who fed him, he even showed a sort of condescending friendliness.

He was not popular among the farm stock. The little pigs, lambs, and even the calves, were in deadly terror of him; and he bullied Towser, the elderly terrier, in a way most galling to that animal's self-respect. Ichabod was an undeniable tyrant, but too powerful a one to attempt to quell.

"What's Thanksgiving?" inquired Irene the pagan. "Do I hang up my stockin'?" "I can't quite seem to member."

"Of course not," responded her scandalized sister. "Thanksgiving is when you go to church when it isn't

Sunday, and—that's about all, isn't it mamma?" Edna was twelve, but her historical knowledge was hazy.

Mrs. Hildred proceeded conscientiously to define the nature of the festival.

"So you see, Irene," said Edna, at the close of her mother's explanation, "You've got to be thankful for your blessings; even if there wasn't any dinner—" She stopped abruptly.

"Should we be thankful just the same, if there wasn't any dinner?" she asked, turning to her mother. "Certainly."

Edna was silent, while this thought permeated her mind in all its enormity. Then she sighed.

"Well, I'd try, but I don't believe I could."

At supper time Nora came in looking anxious.

"That turkey, ma'am," she announced, "ain't here for his supper. He was wanderin' around in the pasture late this afternoon, an' I didn't go out an' get him—it was that careless of me—an' now it's night, an' his corn all shelled in the pan, an' him not here to ate it. Likely he's trapesin' around out there, huntin' a roostin' place. Turkeys always do be up to that, but I thought he had more sense!"

"Will he be out alone in the woods all night?" asked Edna, with a quiver in her voice.

Irene threw herself upon the floor in anguish.

"He'll be fwaide of the dark!" she wailed.

"Stop it!" said Nora. "I'm goin' out this minute to hunt up the poor crathur an' bring him home."

"But it isn't cold," remonstrated Mrs. Hildred. "If he has gone to roost in the woods, he has done it from choice, and he will be sure to come back home for breakfast. I wouldn't bother about him."

"Mrs. Hildred," replied Nora, putting her shawl about her and tying on her sunbonnet with an air of determination, "that burrd is house-bred. He ain't used to being out alone of nights. And there's owls about."

"But not big enough to carry off Ichabod."

"But think of the way they scrache! One of 'em will let off a yell in his ear, an' he'll be that alarmed, he'll flop off his perch, like as not, right onto the ground. An' he'll run around in circles in the darrk till a catamowt sneaks up an' gets him."

Irene's sobs, which had hushed during the discussion, broke out tempestuously at this grisly suggestion. She had no compunctions about eating Ichabod herself, but for catamowts to devour him seemed a horrible fate.

"Are there really wildcats out in the woods?" asked Edna, shuddering with delicious terror.

"Of course not," said her mother. "You should not frighten the children by saying such thing, Nora."

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am," said Nora, stiffening, "but it was Tim Hoolihan himself that heard one on his way home from town last Saturday night."

"But you said Tim was drunk that night," objected Mrs. Hildred.

"Drunk or sober," said Nora obstinately, "Tim Hoolihan knows catamowts when he hears them."

"I'm going with you," announced Edna. "It will take two to catch him."

"I don't want Edna and Nora to go off in the woods and get eaten up wiv cats!" roared Irene. "Mamma!" Mrs. Hildred rose from her chair resignedly.

"We will all go," she said. "Then our party will be large enough to resist attack."

The little procession started out. It was fast growing dusk, and for some time they saw nothing of Ichabod; but as they reached the top of a knoll they came upon him, standing lonely upon a stump, solemnly scanning the horizon.

Upon beholding them he gave a surprised and guilty squawk, and hopping down from his eminence, loped off among the trees.

"He'll be in the swamp next," cried Nora. "Run, childer, an' head him off."

Edna took a short cut to the edge of the swamp, where she danced about waving her arms at the approaching turkey.

He stopped, and after considering the situation, flew up into a tree.

"He is a silly thing," said Mrs. Hildred. "Now we can poke him down with a long stick, and drive him home."

But Ichabod was a strategist. He squatted tensely upon his perch, then flew with slow, heavy flapping, into the next tree, which stood at the edge of the swamp.

"Look at the imp now!" cried Nora in disgust. "He'll be over there in spite of us yit. Let me get at him once!"

She armed herself with a dry branch and walked cautiously along the body of a tree which had fallen out over the bog.

"Be careful, Nora!" warned her mistress anxiously.

Ichabod sagely cocked his eye downward at his pursuer, and decided to repeat his successful maneuver. He poised himself for flight to the next tree.

"Oh, ye Satan's own!" cried Nora vengefully.

She poked upward with energy, slipped, and slid from the log into two feet of slimy mud.

Mrs. Hildred and the children gave a united shriek.

Disconcerted by the commotion and the sudden prod of the stick, Ichabod fell short of his intended perch, and landed in a clump of swamp grass. Flapping his wings, he floundered to the shore, just as Nora scrambled out, an oozing, slimy pillar of indignation.

"Let the wretch go," sympathized Mrs. Hildred. "He isn't worth all this calamity. Hurry back to the house, Nora, and change your clothes."

"I'm bound to get him now," asserted Nora grimly, "if it's just for the pleasure of wringin' his neck. I'll follow him clear to the pit."

Ichabod, cantering jauntily along the edge of the swamp, saw with the tail of his eye a veritable whirlwind of pursuit launch itself upon him. He gave a chortle of dismay, and turning, fled madly up the slope toward the barnyard. When they came panting up a few minutes later, they found him standing, one foot drawn up under him, the picture of innocent dignity, upon the topmost perch in the henhouse.

Thanksgiving morning was a busy time in Mrs. Hildred's kitchen. There was much busting about, and in

the air the odor of pudding, pies and doughnuts. Early in the forenoon Nora came in to say that Ichabod had again disappeared.

"I had him shut in the henhouse," she said in trepidation, "an' Tim Hoolihan went in an' left the door open. I tell you, ma'am, that burrd suspicions something. He knows the plans we've made for dinner, an' he's sneaked off. 'Tis likely he's gone to the woods again."

"Where's Irene?" said Edna, coming in. "I thought she was with you. She must be out in the yard. I'll go look for her."

But she was not in the yard, and a search of the house failed to discover the baby of the family.

"Tim Hoolihan says," said Nora, putting her head out of the kitchen, "that just now as he was comin' up from the barn, he saw her out in the pasture."

"What could have possessed the child?" cried Mrs. Hildred. "She never goes out in the pasture alone. Perhaps she and Ichabod have wandered off together. We must start right out and search for them."

"I hope she don't be in that murderin' mud hole," remarked Nora anxiously, as they hurried through the pasture toward the swamp.

"Listen!" exclaimed Mrs. Hildred.

From the direction of the woods a confused sound came to their ears—the cry of a child, mingled with something else that it was hard to distinguish or classify. They ran forward at full speed.

It was not often that Irene went alone out of the dooryard, but that morning as she stood upon the porch, some nuts in her chubby hands, she saw a squirrel running in the edge of the pasture, and was seized by a desire to give him one. He ran away and she followed, calling and holding out her hands, until she was halfway to the woods. Then she gave up the attempt and was about to turn homeward, when she caught a glimpse of a familiar red head among the trees. The thought came to her that the gobbler was making another forbidden excursion, and must be pursued and brought home; so she started toward him as fast as her short legs could travel. Fear and Irene had never made acquaintance, and being of an impetuous and imperious disposition to think with her was to act—a quality which needless to say, while it might prove valuable in later years, at present frequently involved her in difficulties.

He was farther away than she had thought. Finally she lost sight of him entirely, and as she tramped along, peering from side to side, she stumbled over a root, and went ignominiously head first to the ground among the dead leaves and pine needles.

She whimpered for a minute, then realized that she was tired, and that it was pleasant to sit there eating nuts and throwing the shells into the hollow of a big tree trunk near by.

Presently she found herself looking curiously at something that showed in the darkness of that same hollow—two round, luminous points, that glowed steadily with a queer greenish light.

She stopped throwing the nut shells, and watched them with great interest.

There was not a sound in the dark hollow, but the points of light drew nearer. They came out to the edge of the opening, and turned into eyes; and a lithe, stealthy shape crawled silently toward her on its belly, its ears flattened wickedly against its head.

"Kitty, kitty!" she said. Irene was fond of all animals, cats especially, but this was quite different from any cat or kitten she had ever seen, and made no grateful response to her blandishments.

Then a sudden illumination flashed upon her. This must be the "catamowt" of which Nora had spoken, and it would probably eat her up. She turned white, and the corners of her mouth drew down. But Irene had plenty of pluck.

"Scat!" she cried. A properly brought up domestic cat would have turned tail and fled at her command, but the "catamowt" paid not the slightest attention to her.

She tried to get up, but her foot was caught in her dress, and she could not free it. And the thing kept



She armed herself with a long branch and walked cautiously along the body of a tree which had fallen out over the bog

crawling toward her, its ugly snaky head close to the ground. Its green blazing eyes never removing their steadfast gaze.

At that instant from behind a thorn bush walked Ichabod, serene, unhurried, majestic; picking his way daintily over the dry grass and fallen twigs of November. His eye fell upon Irene with a patronizing recognition. Then he saw the cat.

Ichabod hated cats. Never, since reaching his full estate of strength and prowess, had he permitted one upon the premises. He took the presence of this creature as a deadly insult and a direct challenge. His head went up, and his proboscis turned purple and lengthened over his powerful beak. He hissed and his little eyes gleamed with fury.

The lynx paused and raised its head, looking at this new factor in the situation with a contemptuous surprise. He was one of the largest of his kind, indeed the very king of wild cats of that particular region, and had coped successfully in the past with many an enemy, feathered or furred. Never before, however, had he attempted an attack upon a human being, but the small Irene was so tiny and chubby, so evidently soft and babyish, and he was so hungry after a long nap in the hollow log that he determined to venture it, and once having made up his wild-cat mind to this effect he did not propose to let a mere bird, large though it might be, interfere between himself and this new kind of prey, so, ignoring the turkey, he continued his snaky crawl, his big eyes blazing more fiercely with every step.

Ichabod stretched out his neck, stiffened his great wings, and sidled forward; then the cat snarled, lifting its lips from its teeth.

Like a flash the turkey sprang, the onslaught of his bill and legs reinforced by his twenty pounds of weight. The vicious undercut of the big cat's paw brought out a spurt of blood, but the snap of its jaws raked harmlessly through his feathers, and with his wing joint he dealt it a fierce blow upon the head.

Again and again they plunged together, the gobbler striking furiously with wings and beak. The lynx, puzzled and angry, was at a loss how to meet this strange antagonist, and fought at a disadvantage. The air was filled with strange and terrifying yowls and gobbles. It sounded like a zoo gone mad.

Irene jumped up and down in a frenzy, screaming and shaking her dress impartially at the two principals in this unseemly combat. She was now deadly afraid of the animal which she knew to be a "catamowt," but she was more concerned about the safety of Ichabod, who seemed to be faring the worse in the fray, than she was about her own. Neither cat nor bird, however, paid the slightest attention to her, and tears of helpless rage began to roll down her chubby cheeks.

Then she heard her mother's voice and Nora's jabbering exclamations and Edna's calls of encouragement to her as the rescue party raced up the hill.

"Make em 'stop fightin'!" she shrieked. "That cat squalls awful, and Ichabod's head is all bluggy!"

The wildcat saw the arrival of reinforcements for the enemy, and scudded into a thicket, while the victorious Ichabod strutted and gobbled triumphantly upon the feather-strewn field of battle. Nora seized him, quieting his struggles by putting her apron over his indignant head, and bore him back to the house. The rest followed closely behind, greatly excited, Irene in her mother's arms, and Edna crowding as closely to the two as the path would permit, holding one of her wailing sister's chubby hands and feeling with delightful shivers of dread and exultation that Irene had been returned to her adoring family out of the very jaws of a lion. In this somewhat confused fashion they returned to the house and Mrs. Hildred had just succeeded in restoring Irene to equanimity, when Nora marched in, determination showing in every line of her sturdy figure. Her face was red, and her eyes glistened. The good soul had been with the Hildred family ever since Edna was born and because of her long and faithful service claimed the right to give expression to her feelings when they became too strong to be bottled up, as in the present instance. Her voice shook as she spoke:

"I'm bound to tell you that I can't cook Ichabod for dinner, ma'am," she said. "That noble burrd, savin' the blessed baby, wid the rest of us sittin' here in the house all unknown', an' him out there scrappin' wid a catamowt single handed. Ain't he the wonderful fighter, though? I can't roast that gobbler, ma'am, not if I was to lose my place for it. It's asking too much. And I say, anybody who could ate that poor baste, an' him savin' their own child's life—"

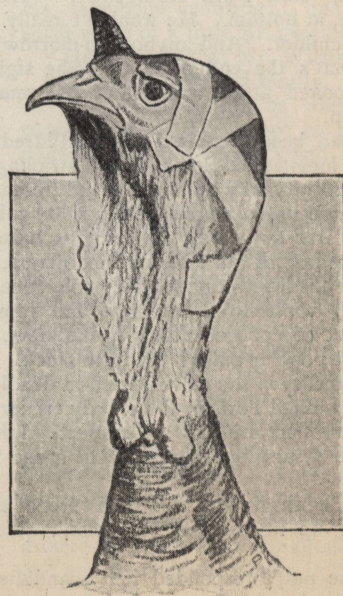
"I quite agree with you, Nora," replied Mrs. Hildred hastily. "It would be black ingratitude to eat Ichabod, under the circumstances."

"Just think!" said Edna, with sentiment; "He shed his blood for Irene! I think this is just the nicest Thanksgiving! I am thankful that there was a wildcat, it makes me feel so creepy. And I'm thankful that Ichabod was there to drive it away. And I don't care a bit if we can't have turkey for dinner; anyhow, I like chicken just as well. And we'll keep Ichabod always, won't we mamma? And everybody who comes to the house must be taken out to see the brave turkey who saved Irene's life. Ichabod is the very bravest turkey that ever was, don't you think, mamma?"

"Bad old cat!" said Irene with indignant vigor, shaking her head threateningly. "Tim Hoolihan'll shoot him when he hears about it, won't he, mamma? And I won't go to the woods any more unless Ichabod goes too."

There was a sound of a sedate footstep upon the kitchen floor, and Ichabod appeared. He limped, and most of his tail was missing. A strip of court plaster upon the back of his head gave him a rakish and disreputable look; but he peered in with an expression of cheerful interest.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said Ichabod.



"Gobble! gobble! gobble!" said Ichabod

ANNE OF AVONLEA

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

A Sequel to "Anne of Green Gables" Illustrated by Corinne Boyd Dillon
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CHAPTER VII.

THE POINTING OF DUTY



ANNE was sitting at a table covered with text books and exercises, but the closely written sheets of paper before her had no connection with school work.

"What is the matter?" asked Gilbert, who had just arrived for a short call.

"Nothing very dreadful. I was trying to write out some of my thoughts, as Professor Hamilton advised me, but I couldn't get them to please me. They seem so stiff and foolish directly they're written down. Fancies are like shadows, you can't cage them. But perhaps I'll learn the secret some day if I keep on trying. I haven't a great many spare moments, you know. By the time I finish correcting exercises and compositions, I don't feel like writing any of my own."

"You are getting on splendidly in school, Anne. All the children like you," said Gilbert, sitting down on the step.

"No, not all. Anthony Pye doesn't and won't like me. What is worse, he doesn't respect me. He holds me in contempt and I don't mind confessing that it worries me miserably. It isn't that he is very bad, he is mischievous, but no worse than some of the others. He seldom disobeys me; but he obeys with a scornful air of toleration as if it wasn't worth while disputing the point and it has a bad effect on the others. I've tried every way to win him but I'm beginning to fear I never shall. He has always gone to men before and he says girl teachers are no good. Well, we'll see what patience and kindness will do. Paul Irving makes up for all that is lacking in the others. That child is a perfect darling, Gilbert, and a genius into the bargain. I'm persuaded the world will hear of him some day," concluded Anne.

"I like teaching, too," said Gilbert. "It's good training, for one thing. Why, Anne, I've learned more in the weeks I've been teaching than I learned in all the years I went to school myself. We all seem to be getting on pretty well. The New-bridge people like Jane, and I think White Sands is tolerably satisfied with your humble servant, except Mr. Andrew Spencer. I met Mrs. Peter Blewett on my way home last night and she told me she thought it her duty to inform me that Mr. Spencer didn't approve of my methods."

"Have you ever noticed," asked Anne, "that when people say it is their duty to tell you a thing you may prepare for something disagreeable? Why is it they never think it a duty to tell you the pleasant things they hear about you? Mrs. H. B. Donnell called yesterday and told me she thought it her duty to inform me that Mrs. Harmon Andrews didn't approve of my reading fairy tales to the children, and that Mr. Rogerson thought Prillie wasn't coming on fast enough in arithmetic."

"Have you succeeded in reconciling Mrs. Donnell's hopeful son to his name?"

"Yes," laughed Anne, "but it was a difficult task. At first, when I called him 'St. Clair' he would not take the least notice; and then, when the other boys nudged him, he would look up with such an aggrieved air. So I kept him in after school one night and talked to him. I told him his mother wished me to call him St. Clair and I couldn't go against her wishes. He's a reasonable little fellow and he said I could call him St. Clair but that he'd 'lick the stuffing' out of any of the boys that tried it. Of course, I had to rebuke him for using such language. Since then I call him St. Clair and the boys call him Jake and all goes smoothly. He informs me that he means to be a carpenter, but Mrs. Donnell says I am to make a college professor out of him."

The mention of college gave a new direction to Gilbert's thoughts, and they talked for a time of their plans and wishes.

Gilbert had made up his mind that he was going to be a doctor.

"It's a splendid profession," he said enthusiastically. "A fellow has to fight something all through life and I want to fight disease and pain and ignorance. I want to do my share of honest work in the world, Anne. The folks who lived before me have done so much for me that I want to show my gratitude by doing something for the folks who will live after me."

"I'd like to add some beauty to life," said Anne dreamily. "I don't exactly want to make people know more, but I'd love to make them have a pleasanter time because of me, to have some little joy or happy thought that would never have existed if I hadn't been born."

"I think you're fulfilling that ambition every day," said Gilbert admiringly. And he was right. Anne was one of the children of light by birthright.

Finally Gilbert rose regretfully.

"Well, I must run up to MacPhersons'. Moody Spurgeon came home from Queens-to-day for Sunday and he was to bring me out a book Professor Boyd is lending me."

"And I must get Marilla's tea. She went to see Mrs. Keith this evening and she will soon be back."

Anne had tea ready when Marilla came home; the fire was cracking cheerily, a vase of ferns and red maple leaves adorned the table, and delectable odors of ham and toast pervaded the air. But Marilla sank into her chair with a deep sigh.

"Are your eyes troubling you? Does your head ache?" queried Anne anxiously hovering about her.



"What's the matter?" asked Gilbert, who had just arrived for a short call

"No. I'm tired and worried. It's about Mary and those children. Mary is worse; she can't last much longer. And as for the twins, I don't know what is to become of them."

"Hasn't their uncle been heard from?"

"Yes, Mary had a letter from him. He's working in a lumber camp and 'shacking it,' whatever that means. He says he can't take the children till Spring. He expects to be married then and will have a home to take them to; but he says she must get some of the neighbors to keep them for the Winter. She says she can't bear to ask any of them. Mary never got on any too well with the East Grafton people. And the long and short of it is, Anne, that I'm sure Mary wants me to take those children. She didn't say so, but she looked it."

"And of course you will, Marilla, won't you?"

"I haven't made up my mind," said Marilla tartly. "I don't rush into things in your way, Anne. It will be a fearful responsibility to have two children of six to look after—twins, at that."

"Twins are very interesting, at least one pair of them," said Anne. "It's only when there are two or three pairs that it gets monotonous. I think it would be nice for you to have something to amuse you when I'm in school."

"I reckon there'd be more worry and bother than anything else. It wouldn't be so risky if they were as old as you were when I took you. I wouldn't mind Dora so much, she seems good and quiet. But that Davy is a limb."

Anne was fond of children and her heart yearned over the twins. The remembrance of her own childhood was very vivid. She knew that Marilla's only vulnerable point was her devotion to what she believed to be her duty, and Anne marshalled her arguments along this line.

"If Davy is naughty it's all the more reason why he should have good training, isn't it, Marilla? If we don't take them we don't know what kind of influence may surround them. Suppose the Sprots were to take them. Mrs. Lynde says Henry Sprott is the most profane man that ever lived and you can't believe a word his children say. Wouldn't it be dreadful to have the twins learn anything like that? Or suppose they went to the Wiggins'. Mrs. Lynde says that Mr. Wiggins sells everything that can be sold and brings his family up on skim milk. You wouldn't like your relations to be starved, even if they were only third cousins, would you? It seems to me, Marilla, that it is our duty to take them."

"I suppose it is," assented Marilla gloomily. "I'll tell Mary I'll take them. It will mean a deal of extra work for you. I can't sew a stitch, so you'll have to see to the making and mending of their clothes. And you don't like sewing."

"I hate it," said Anne calmly, "but if you are willing to take those children I can do their sewing. It does people good to have to do things they don't like in moderation."

CHAPTER VIII.

MARILLA ADOPTS TWINS

MRS. RACHEL LYNDE was sitting at her window, knitting a quilt, just as she had been when Matthew Cuthbert had driven down the hill with what Mrs. Rachel called "his imported orphan." The sun was setting in purple and gold behind the dark woods when a buggy came down the hill. Mrs. Rachel peered at it eagerly.

"There's Marilla getting home from the funeral," she said to her husband, who was lying on the lounge. Thomas Lynde lay more on the lounge than he used to do

but Mrs. Rachel, who was so sharp at noticing anything beyond her own household, had not noticed this. "And she's got the twins with her. There's Davy leaning over the dashboard grabbing at the pony's tail. Dora's sitting on the seat as prim as you please. She looks as if she'd been starched and ironed. Marilla is going to have her hands full this Winter and no mistake. Still, I don't see that she could do anything less than take them, and she'll have Anne to help her. Anne's tickled to death, and she has a real knacky way with children. It doesn't seem a day since Matthew brought Anne home and everybody laughed at the idea of Marilla bringing up a child. And now she has adopted twins. You're never safe from being surprised till you're dead."

The pony jogged over the bridge and along the Green Gables lane. Marilla's face was rather grim. It was ten miles from East Grafton and Davy Keith seemed possessed. In despair she threatened to whip him when she got him home. Whereupon Davy climbed into her lap, flung his arms about her neck and gave her a bear-like hug.

"I don't believe you mean it," he said, smacking her cheek affectionately. "You don't look like a lady who'd whip a little boy just 'cause he couldn't keep still. Didn't you find it awful hard to keep still when you was only as old as me?"

"No, I always kept still when I was told," said Marilla, her heart waxing soft within her under Davy's caresses.

"I s'pose that was 'cause you was a girl," said Davy. "You was a girl once, I s'pose. Dora can sit still, but there ain't much fun in it I don't think. Seems to me it must be slow to be a girl. Here, Dora, let me liven you up a bit."

Davy's method of "livening up" was to grasp Dora's curls in his fingers and give them a tug. Dora shrieked and then cried.

"How can you be such a naughty boy and your mother just laid in her grave?" demanded Marilla desparingly.

"But she was glad to die," said Davy. "I know, 'cause she told me so. She was awful tired of being sick. We'd a long talk the night before she died. She told me you was going to take me and Dora for the

Winter and I was to be a good boy. I'm going to be good, but can't you be good running round just as well as sitting still? She said I was to be kind to Dora and stand up for her, and I'm going to."

"Do you call pulling her hair being kind to her?"

"Well, I ain't going to let anybody else pull it," said Davy. "They'd better try it. I didn't hurt her much—she cried 'cause she's a girl. I'm glad I'm a boy but I'm sorry I'm a twin. When Jimmy Sprott's sister condericks him he says, 'I'm oldern you,' and that settles her. I can't tell Dora that, and she goes on thinking diffrent from me!"

Marilla was a thankful woman when she drove into her own yard. Anne was at the gate to lift the twins out. Dora submitted to be kissed, but Davy responded to Anne's welcome with one of his hearty hugs and the cheerful announcement, "I'm Mr. Davy Keith."

At the supper table Dora behaved like a little lady, but Davy's manners left much to be desired.

"I'm so hungry I ain't got time to eat plitely," he said when Marilla reproved him. "Dora ain't half as hungry as I am. That cake's awful nice and plummy. We haven't had any cake at home for ever'n ever so long, mother was too sick to make it and Mrs. Sprott said it was as much as she could do to bake bread for us. And Mrs. Wiggins never puts any plums in her cakes. Catch her! Can I have another piece?"

Marilla would have refused but Anne cut a generous slice. She reminded Davy that he ought to say "Thank you" for it. Davy grinned and took a huge bite. When he had finished the slice he said,

"If you'll give me another piece I'll say thank you for it."

"No, you have had plenty," said Marilla in a tone which Davy was to learn to be final.

Davy winked at Anne, and then, leaning over the table, snatched Dora's piece of cake, from which she had taken one dainty little bite, out of her fingers and, opening his mouth, crammed the whole slice in. Dora's lip trembled and Marilla was speechless with horror. Anne promptly exclaimed, with her best "schoolma'am" air, "Oh, Davy, gentlemen don't do things like that."

"I know they don't," said Davy, as soon as he could speak, "but I ain't a gemplum."

"But don't you want to be?" said Anne.

"Course I do. But you can't be a gemplum till you grow up."

"Indeed you can," Anne hastened to say. "You can begin to be a gentleman when you are a little boy. And gentlemen *never* snatch things from ladies, or forget to say thank you, or pull anybody's hair."

"They don't have much fun, that's a fact," said Davy. "I guess I'll wait till I'm grown up to be one."

Marilla cut another piece of cake for Dora. She did not feel able to cope with Davy just then. It had been a hard day for her.

The twins were not alike, although both were fair. Dora had long sleek curls that never got out of order. Davy had a crop of fuzzy little ringlets all over his head. Dora's hazel eyes were gentle and mild. Davy's were as roguish and dancing as an elf's. Dora's nose was straight, Davy's was a snub; Dora had a "prunes and prisms" mouth, Davy's was all smiles; he had a dimple in one cheek and none in the other, which gave him a comical, lop-sided look when he laughed.

"They'd better go to bed," said Marilla. "Dora will sleep with me and you can put Davy in the west gable. You're not afraid to sleep alone, are you, Davy?"

"No; but I ain't going to bed for ever so long yet," said Davy.

"Oh, yes, you are." That was all Marilla said, but her tone squelched even Davy. He trotted upstairs with Anne.

"When I'm grown up the first thing I'm going to do is stay up *all* night to see what it would be like," he told her confidentially.

In after years Marilla never thought of that first week of the twins' sojourn at Green Gables without a shiver. There was seldom a waking minute when Davy was not in mischief or devising it; his first exploit occurred two days after his arrival, on Sunday morning, a fine, warm day, as hazy and mild as September. Anne dressed him for church while Marilla attended to Dora. Davy objected strongly to having his face washed.

"Marilla washed me yesterday—and Mrs. Wiggins scoured me with hard soap the day of the funeral. That's enough for one week. I don't see the good of being so awful clean."

"Paul Irving washes his face every day of his own accord," said Anne astutely.

Davy had been an inmate of Green Gables for forty-eight hours; but he already worshipped Anne and hated Paul Irving, whom he had heard Anne praising the day after his arrival. If Paul Irving washed his face every day, that settled it. He would do it too, if it killed him. He was really a

handsome little lad when he was all done, Anne felt proud of him as she led him into the old Cuthbert pew where Marilla and Dora had preceded them.

He behaved quite well at first. The first hymns and the Scripture reading passed off uneventfully. Mr. Allan was praying when the sensation came. Lauretta White was sitting in front of Davy, her head slightly bent and her hair hanging in two long braids. Lauretta was a fat, placid-looking child of eight, who had conducted herself irreproachably in church from the first day her mother carried her there, an infant of six months.

Davy thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a caterpillar, a furry, squirming caterpillar. Marilla saw and clutched at him too late. He dropped the caterpillar down Lauretta's neck.

Right in the middle of Mr. Allan's prayer burst a series of piercing shrieks. The minister stopped and opened his eyes. Every head in the congregation flew up. Lauretta White was dancing up and down clutching frantically at the back of her dress.

"Ow! Mommer, mommer! Ow! Take it off! Ow! Get it out! Ow! That bad boy put it down my neck! Ow! Mommer! It's going further down! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Mrs. White rose and carried the hysterical Lauretta out of church. Her shrieks died away in the distance and Mr. Allan proceeded with the service.

For the first time in her life Marilla took no notice of the text and Anne sat with scarlet cheeks of mortification. When they got home Marilla put Davy to bed and made him stay there the rest of the day. She would not give him any dinner but allowed him a plain tea of bread and milk. Anne carried it to him and sat by while he ate it. Her mournful eyes troubled him.

"I s'pose," he said reflectively, "that Paul Irving wouldn't have dropped a caterpillar down a girl's neck in church, would he?"

"Indeed he wouldn't," said Anne sadly.

"Well, I'm sorry I did it, then," conceded Davy. "But it was such a jolly big caterpillar—I picked him up on the church steps. It seemed a pity to waste him. And wasn't it fun to hear that girl yell?"

Tuesday afternoon the Aid Society met at Green Gables. Anne hurried home from school. Dora, neat in her nicely starched white dress and black sash, was sitting with the members in the parlor, speaking when spoken to, keeping silence when not. Davy, blissfully dirty, was making mud pies in the barnyard.

"I told him he might," said Marilla wearily. "I thought it would keep him out of worse mischief. We'll have our teas over before we call him to his. Dora can have hers with us, but I would never dare to let Davy sit down at the table."

When Anne went to call the Aids to tea she found that Dora was not in the parlor. Mrs. Jasper Bell said Davy had come to the front door and called her out. Tea was half over when the dining room was invaded by a forlorn figure. Marilla and Anne stared in dismay, the Aids in amazement. Could that be Dora in a drenched, dripping dress and hair from which the water was streaming on Marilla's new rug?

"Dora, what has happened to you?" cried Anne, with a glance at Mrs. Jasper Bell, whose family was said to be the only one in the world in which accidents never occurred.

"Davy made me walk the pigpen fence," wailed Dora. "I didn't want to but he called me a fraid-cat. And I fell off into the pigpen and my dress got all dirty and the pig runned right over me. My dress was awful, but Davy said if I'd stand under the pump he'd wash it and I did and he pumped water all over but my dress ain't a bit cleaner and my pretty sash and shoes is all spoiled."

Anne did the honors of the table, while Marilla went upstairs and redressed Dora in her old clothes. Davy was caught and sent to bed without any supper. Anne went to his room at twilight and talked to him seriously. She told him she felt very badly over his conduct, that he was doing very wrong to worry Marilla

so when she had been kind enough to take and care for him and Dora.

"I feel sorry now myself," admitted Davy, "but the trouble is I never feel sorry for doing things till after I've did them. Dora wouldn't help me to make pies 'cause she was afraid of messing her clo'es and that made me hopping mad. I s'pose Paul Irving wouldn't have made *his* sister walk a pigpen fence?"

"No, he would never dream of such a thing. Paul is a perfect little gentleman."

Davy screwed his eyes tight shut and then crawled up and put his arms about Anne's neck.

"Anne, don't you like me a little bit, even if I ain't a good boy like Paul?"

"Indeed I do," said Anne sincerely. "But I'd like you better if you weren't so naughty."

"I—did something else to-day," went on Davy in a muffled voice. "I'm sorry now but I'm awful scared to tell you. You won't be cross, will you? And you won't tell Marilla, will you?"

"I don't know, Davy. Perhaps I ought to tell her. But I think I can promise you I won't if you promise me that you will never do it again."

"No, I never will. Anyhow, it's not likely I'd find any more of them this year. I found this one on the cellar steps."

"Davy, what is it you've done?"

"I put a toad in Marilla's bed. You can take it out if you like."

"Davy Keith!" Anne flew across the hall to Marilla's room. She threw back the blankets and there was the toad, blinking at her from under a pillow.

"How can I carry that awful thing out?" moaned Anne. The shovel suggested itself to her and she crept down to get it while Marilla was busy in the pantry. Anne had her own troubles carrying the toad downstairs. When she finally deposited it in the cherry orchard she drew a long, long breath of relief.

CHAPTER IX.

A QUESTION OF COLOR

"THAT old nuisance of a Rachel Lynde was here to-day, pestering me for a subscription towards buying a carpet for the vestry room," said Mr. Harrison wrathfully. "I detest that woman more than anybody I know."

Anne, who was perched on the edge of the veranda, turned her dreamy face over her shoulder.

"The trouble is, you and Mrs. Lynde don't understand one another," she explained. "I didn't like Mrs. Lynde at first either; but as soon as I came to understand her I learned to."

"Mrs. Lynde may be an acquired taste with some folks; but I didn't keep on eating bananas because I was told I'd learn to like them if I did," growled Mr. Harrison. "And as for understanding her, I understand that she is a confirmed busybody and I told her so."

"Oh, that must have hurt her feelings very much," said Anne reproachfully. "How could you say such a thing? I said some dreadful things to Mrs. Lynde long ago but it was when I lost my temper. I couldn't say them *deliberately*."

"It was the truth and I believe in telling the truth."

"But you don't tell the whole truth," objected Anne. "You only tell the disagreeable part. You've told me a dozen times that my hair was red, but you've never told me that I had a nice nose."

"I daresay you know it without any telling," chuckled Mr. Harrison.

"I know I have red hair too—so there's no need of telling me that either."

"Well, well, I'll try and not mention it again since you're so sensitive. I've got a habit of being outspoken and folks mustn't mind it."

"But they can't help minding it. And I don't think it's any help that it's your habit. What would you think of a person who went about sticking pins into people and saying, 'Excuse me, you mustn't mind it, it's just a habit I've got.' You'd think he was crazy, wouldn't you? And as for Mrs. Lynde being a busybody, perhaps she is. But did you tell her she had a kind heart and helped the poor, and never said a word when Timothy Cotton stole her crock of butter and told his wife he'd bought it? Mrs. Cotton cast it up to her the next time they met that it tasted of turnips and Mrs. Lynde said she was sorry it had turned out so poorly."

"I suppose she has some good qualities," conceded Mr. Harrison. "Most folks have. I have some myself. But I ain't going to give anything to that carpet. Folks are everlasting begging for money here. How's your project for painting the hall coming on?"

"Splendidly. We had a meeting last Friday night and found that we had plenty of money to paint the hall and shingle the roof too. Most people gave very liberally, Mr. Harrison."

'TAINT NO USE

By Isabel Morris

Well Maw, I'm back, and right glad tew
What I call hum, is known to few;
One visit to our gal's 'enuff.
Her head and house is filled with stuff
That ain't no use.

Why ev'ry mornin', sech a din,
With broom and duster, she puts in,
I'll 'low, her house do wondrous shine,
Her friends agree, it's extry fine
But—'tain't no use.

Thar's plenty winders—that's a cinch,
But curtined so—can't see an inch,
And if old Sol should dare peek thru'
He'd be shet out—and that quick too—
Shaw! 'tain't no use.

They'v sofys' soft, where you kin set,
No stretchin' out on them, ye bet,
The pillers is tew grand, ye see
Fer heads to lay—I let them be,
They ain't no use.

The beds, I swan! was fixed fer day,
The pillers tucked clean out the way,
No chanct to rest a tired frame,
'Twas tuff alright, but I was game,
But—where's the use?

There was nice books—swell ones I seed
'Pon shiny tables—s'pose to read,
I didn't tech 'em—sounds like rot—
Fur fear I wouldn't hit the spot
Where they wus sot.

Don't make no odds, when ye turn in
That risin' bell clangs out like sin,
And tho' ye may be dead fer sleep,
No go, old boy—Breakfast won't keep,
Now—'tain't no use.

Take down them fancy mottors, Maw—
'Bout cleanliness and Hev'n's first law,
No mix like thet for me, I say,
When Granny Comfort's chased away
'Cause—'tain't no use.

"What color are you going to have it?"

"We have decided on a pretty green. The roof will be dark red, of course. Mr. Roger Pye is going to get paint to-day."

"Who's got the job?"

"Mr. Joshua Pye of Carmody. He has nearly finished the shingling. We had to give the contract, for the Pyes—and there are four families, you know—said they wouldn't give a cent unless Joshua got it. They subscribed twelve dollars between them and we thought that was too much to lose. Some people think we shouldn't have given in to the Pyes. Mrs. Lynde says they try to run everything."

"The main question is will Joshua do his work well. If he does I don't see the difference whether his name is Pye or Pudding. You're not going yet, Anne?"

"I must. I have some sewing to do for Dora. Besides, Davy is probably breaking Marilla's heart with some new mischief. This morning the first thing he said was, 'Where does the dark go, Anne?' I want to know." I told him it went around to the other side of the world but after breakfast he declared it didn't, that it went down the well."

"He's a limb," declared Mr. Harrison. "He came over here yesterday and pulled six feathers out of Ginger's tail before I could get in from the barn. Those children must be a sight of trouble to you folks."

"Everything that's worth having is some trouble," said Anne.

Mr. Roger Pye brought the hall paint home that night. The hall was on what was called "the lower road." In Autumn this road was always muddy and wet, and people going to Carmody travelled by the "upper" road. The hall was so closely surrounded by fir woods that it was invisible unless you were near it. Mr. Joshua Pye painted away in the solitude so dear to his unsociable heart.

Friday afternoon he finished his job and went home. Soon after his departure Mrs. Rachel Lynde drove by, to see what the hall looked like in its new coat of paint. When she rounded the curve she saw.

The sight affected Mrs. Lynde oddly. She dropped the reins, held up her hands, and said "Gracious Providence!" She stared as if she could not believe her eyes. Then she laughed hysterically.

"There must be some mistake—there must. I knew those Pyes would make a mess of things."

Mrs. Lynde drove home, meeting several people and stopping to tell them about the hall. The news flew like wildfire. Gilbert Blythe heard it from his father's hired boy at sunset, and rushed to Green Gables, joined on the way by Fred Wright. They found Diana Barry, Jane Andrews, and Anne Shirley, at the gate of Green Gables, under the big willows.

"It isn't true surely, Anne?" exclaimed Gilbert.

"It is true," answered Anne, looking like the muse of tragedy. "Mrs. Lynde called on her way from Carmody to tell me. It is dreadful! What is the use of trying to improve anything?"

"What is dreadful?" asked Oliver Sloane, arriving with a bandbox he had brought from town for Marilla.

"Haven't you heard?" said Jane wrathfully. "Well, it's simply this! Joshua Pye has gone and painted the hall blue instead of green—a deep, brilliant, blue, the shade they use for painting carts and wheelbarrows. And Mrs. Lynde says it is the most hideous color, especially when combined with a red roof."

The blame of this disaster was narrowed down to the Pyes. The Improvers had decided to use Morton-Harris paints and the paint cans were numbered according to a color card. A purchaser chose his shade on the card and ordered by the number. Number 147 was the shade of green desired and when Mr. Roger Pye sent word to the Improvers that he was going to town and would get their paint for them, the Improvers told him to get 147, but Mr. Roger Pye declared that they told him 157.

There was blank dismay in every house where an Improver lived. The gloom at Green Gables was so intense that it quenched even Davy. Anne wept and could not be comforted.

"I must cry, even if I am almost seventeen, Marilla," she sobbed. "It's so mortifying. We'll be laughed out of existence."

The Avonlea people did not laugh; they were too angry. Their money had gone to paint the hall and they felt themselves bitterly aggrieved by the mistake. Public indignation centered on the Pyes. The Improvers paid Joshua in bitterness of spirit, after consulting Mr. Peter Sloane, who was a magistrate.

"You'll have to pay it," Peter told them. "You can't hold him responsible, since he was never told what the color was to be but given the cans and told to go ahead. But it's a shame and that hall certainly does look awful."

The Improvers expected that Avonlea would be more prejudiced than ever against them; but instead, public sympathy veered in their favor. People thought the eager little band who had worked so hard for their object had been badly used. Mrs. Lynde told them to keep on and show the Pyes that there really were people in the world who could do things without making a muddle of them. Mr. Major Spencer sent them word that he would clean out the stumps along the road front of his farm and seed it down with grass at his own expense; and Mrs. Hiram Sloane called at the school to tell Anne that if the "Sassiety" wanted to make a geranium bed at the cross roads in the Spring they needn't be afraid of her cow, for she would see that the animal was kept within bounds. Even Mr. Harrison was all sympathy and spoke consolingly.

"Never mind, Anne. Most paints fade uglier every year but that blue is as ugly as it can be, so it's bound to fade prettier. And the roof is shingled and painted all right. Folks will be able to sit in the hall after this without being leaked on. You've accomplished so much anyhow."

"But Avonlea's blue hall will be a byword from this time out," said Anne bitterly.

And it was.

CHAPTER X.

DAVY IN SEARCH OF A SENSATION

ANNE, walking home from school one November afternoon, felt convinced that life was a very wonderful thing. All had gone well in her little kingdom. St. Claire Donnell had not fought any of the other boys over the question of his name; Prillie Roger-son's face had been so puffed up from the effects of toothache that she did not try to coquette with the boys in her vicinity.

Barbara Shaw had met with only one accident—spilling a dipper of water over the floor—and Anthony Pye had not been in school.

"What a nice month November has been!" said Anne, who had never got over her habit of talking to herself. "It is usually such a disagreeable month. This last fortnight has been peaceful, and Davy has been almost well-behaved. He is improving a great deal. How dear the woods are! You beautiful trees! I love every one of you."

She threw her arm about a slim young birch and kissed its cream-white trunk. Diana, rounding a curve in the path, saw her and laughed.

"Anne Shirley, you're pretending to be grown up. I believe when you're alone you're as much a little girl as you ever were."

"Well, one can't get over the habit of being a little girl all at once," said Anne gaily. "I was little for fourteen years and I've only been grown-uppish three. I shall always feel like a child in the woods. These walks home from school are the only time I have for dreaming—except the half hour or so before I go to sleep. You don't know what splendid adventures I have after I go to bed. I imagine I'm something very brilliant and splendid, a great prima donna or Red Cross nurse or a queen. Last night I was a queen. It's splendid to imagine you are a queen. You have all the fun without any of the inconveniences and you can stop being a queen whenever you want to, which you couldn't in real life. In the woods I like to imagine different things. I'm a dryad living in an old pine, or a little brown wood-elf hiding under a crinkled leaf. That white birch you caught me kissing is a sister of mine. The only difference is, she's a tree and I'm a girl, but that's no real difference. Where are you going, Diana?"

"Down to the Dicksons. I promised to help Alberta cut out her new dress. Can't you walk down in the evening, Anne, and come home with me?"

"I might, since Fred Wright is away," said Anne.

Diana blushed, and walked on. She did not look offended.

Anne intended to go down to the Dicksons' that evening, but she did not. When she arrived at Green Gables she found a state of affairs which banished every other thought from her mind: Marilla met her in the yard.

"Anne, Dora is lost!"

"Dora! Lost!" Anne looked at Davy, who was swinging on the yard gate. "Davy, do you know where she is?"

"No, I don't," said Davy stoutly. "I haven't seen her since dinner time, cross my heart."

"I've been away since one o'clock," said Marilla. "Thomas Lynde took sick and Rachel sent up for me to go at once. When I left here Dora was playing with her doll in the kitchen and Davy was making mud pies behind the barn. I got home half an hour ago, and no Dora to be seen. Davy declares he never saw her since I left."

"She must be somewhere around," said Anne. "She would never wander far away alone, you know how timid she is. Perhaps she has fallen asleep in one of the rooms."

A thorough search followed. Every corner of the house, yard, and outbuildings was ransacked. Anne roved the orchards and the Haunted Wood, calling Dora's name. Marilla took a candle and explored the cellar.

"It's a most mysterious thing," groaned Marilla.

"Where can she be?" said Anne miserably.

"Maybe she's tumbled into the well," suggested Davy.

"She—she might have," whispered Marilla.

Anne, feeling faint and sick, went to the well-box and peered over. The bucket sat on the shelf inside. Far below was a tiny glimmer of still water. The Cuthbert well was the deepest in Avonlea. If Dora—but Anne could not face the idea.

"Run across for Mr. Harrison," said Marilla.

"Mr. Harrison and John Henry are both away. They went to town to-day. I'll go for Mr. Barry."

Mr. Barry came back with Anne, carrying a coil of rope to which was attached a claw-like instrument. Marilla and Anne stood by, while Mr. Barry dragged the well, and Davy watched the group with huge enjoyment.

Finally Mr. Barry shook his head, with a relieved air.

"She can't be down there. It's a mighty curious thing where she could have got to, though. Look here, young man, are you sure you've no idea where your sister is?"

"I've told you a dozen times that I haven't," said Davy, with an injured air. "Maybe a tramp come and stole her."

"Nonsense," said Marilla, relieved from her horrible fear of the well. "Anne, do you suppose she could have strayed over to Mr. Harrison's? She has always been talking about his parrot ever since that time you took her over."

"I can't believe Dora would venture so far alone but I'll go over and see," said Anne.

Nobody was looking at Davy or it would have been seen that a change came over his face. He slipped off the gate and ran, as fast as his legs could carry him, to the barn.

Anne hastened across the fields to the Harrison establishment. The house was locked, and there was no sign of anything living about the place. She stood on the veranda and called Dora.

Ginger, in the kitchen, shrieked and swore with sudden fierceness; but between his outbursts Anne heard a plaintive cry from the little building in the yard which served Mr. Harrison as a tool-house. Anne flew to the door, unhasped it, and caught up a small mortal with a tear-stained face who was sitting on an up-turned nail keg.

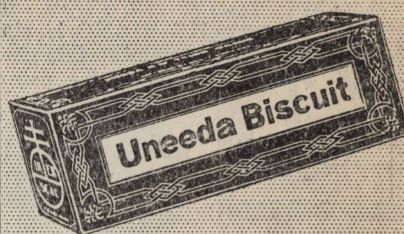
"Oh, Dora, Dora, what a fright you have given us! How came you to be here?"

"Davy and I come over to see Ginger," sobbed Dora, "but we couldn't see him after all. Davy made him swear by kicking the door. And then Davy brought me here and run out and shut the door; and I couldn't get out. I cried and cried, I'm so hungry and cold; I thought you'd never come, Anne."

"Davy?" But Anne could say no more. Her joy at finding the child was quenched in the pain caused by Davy's behavior. The freak of shutting Dora up might have been pardoned. But Davy had told falsehoods—downright falsehoods about it. She had grown to love Davy dearly and it hurt her to discover that he was guilty of such deliberate falsehood.

Marilla listened to Anne's tale in a silence that boded no good Davy-ward; Mr. Barry laughed and advised that Davy be summarily dealt with. Anne soothed and warmed the sobbing, shivering Dora, got her her supper and put her to bed. Then she

Continued on page 11.



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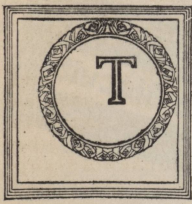
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The Touch of Understanding



HE PIANO is altogether useless," commented Mother, dropping for a moment the pair of stockings she was darning.

"Well," said Father, after a lengthy pause; "It's an ornament; that's what you thought when we bought it ten years ago."

Mother sighed; she had long ceased even hoping to be understood. She resumed her work and darned the entire heel before she spoke again.

"I had hoped that Janey would take to music, when first we got the piano," she said; "but it was like drawing teeth to get her to practice; though at any rate, she got so she could play a few things when she was driven." She hesitated for a moment, then: "I always thought 'twas kind of silly of you to give her a piano for a wedding present. It's quite useless in her home, too."

"Well, Janey's got real music now," Father answered. "The little one sure has good lungs." He laid down his paper and glanced very kindly at Mother. "Billy you thought had the head of a musician when he was a baby," he ended.

"Billy!" Mother repeated, and looked at Billy's stocking which she was mending. "Billy thinks of nothing now but baseball." She put aside her work, finished. "I'm sorry anyway we bought our piano; it's just an eyesore to me"—nothing else. Her voice was bitter.

Father looked judiciously at his pipe while intent with a thought. "Still, Mother," he said, finally; "seems to me we oughtn't to blame the children; not right hard anyway. Neither one of us has got a speck of music in us; that is to say not the working kind. We love to set and listen, but we can't produce."

Mother's face flushed. "You don't know about me," she said quickly, darting a little angry glance at him; "If I'd had more time when I was young, I could have played."

"Well," Father resumed his paper; "We'll go to a concert some time next Winter, Mother. So cheer up."

But far from obeying him, she was angry; angry at him and at the course her life had taken. True at fifty, one should be content with an uneventful span of days made up of the same things done over and over again; with never a break save an occasional trip to Janey's two miles away, where the new baby took all its mother's thoughts and attention.

The piano, however, seemed to be the crowning disappointment. She so longed for music, and even that had been denied her. So it was with all the refinements of life she so ardently desired, for her husband in a measure had kept them from her, or so she thought.

When she married him, he had been a clerk in a store, and though his wages were not high, his was a genteel calling, as she thought, and she was satisfied. But they had been married only a year when he discovered that the store was not the place for him, and he went into a carpenter's shop. The humiliation the young wife endured at that time rankled deep, but he had not understood, or if he had he refused to be turned from his purpose.

"You married a simple man, Jane," he told her; "And I think carpentry a manly calling; One followed it years ago and He was not ashamed of it. I guess you'll have to bear with me."

So she said nothing more; but the wound was ever there, even though her husband went rapidly forward till he became a contractor, and a little home was bought and the two children given more advantages by far than if their father had remained in the store.

Then the children, Janey and Bobby, were like their father—plain, affectionate and good. And though Mother had painted china in her youth and was generally regarded as an accomplished young lady, her children displayed not the slightest talent in any direction.

All of which facts through years of dwelling upon made Mother bitter. And now at fifty, darning Bobby's stockings and viewing the silent piano, life seemed to promise nothing to her—save a continuation of thwarted hopes.

When Janey married and left home, Mother more than ever drew within herself, regarding Father's lapses in grammar and his large, knotty hands with a degree of aversion that surprised even herself; and gazing at Bobby's youthful lack of grace and subtlety with a little

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by Wilson Dexter.

shrinking, though she loved him dearly. Then Father became puzzled and viewed with perplexity the little woman with seeking, grave eyes and sensitive mouth who gently but firmly put him from her but as always he was silent and uncomplaining.

As Winter advanced and Thanksgiving drew near, Mother became more lonely; but she said nothing, only her eyes grew more shadowed, and she made her unspoken desire so plain, that Father took to remaining away from home several nights a week.

She never asked him as to his whereabouts, but busied herself about the house, the duties of which had grown so pitifully few. If Bobby had not been so wholly a boy, and so wholly careless, pitching his cap and coat here and yonder, the work would have been reduced to almost nothing.

And so one uneventful day followed another, till Thanksgiving was less than a week away. Mother as usual made preparations for an elaborate dinner, though her family on that day was to be a small one. For Janey spent Thanksgiving with her husband's relatives and Christmas at her mother's home. But even while thinking of Father's favorite dishes, Mother unbent not

Father regarded him a little sternly, then repressing a sigh he looked out of the window; while Mother hid the hurt she felt with an assumption of indifference.

On Thanksgiving morning, however, Bobby lounged about the house. He appeared also at dinner, dressed in his best clothes, with a collar plainly torturing him.

"I thought you were going out to dinner," Mother remarked as she placed the small turkey on the table.

"Father said I'd got to stay at home," he flung out; "but I'm going right after dinner."

Mother was silent for a moment; then driven to a feeling of anger she cried: "I'd rather you'd be away than sitting there with such a sulky face. Is it such a hardship to stay at home?"

The lad muttered something beneath his breath, restrained from ardent speech by a glance from his father. The meal then proceeded unhappily, Mother scarcely touching her portion, while Father alternately offered a word and gazed at Bobby with something of pity in his clear gray eyes.

Dinner over, the lad with a hurried word to his parents ran down the hall, and slammed the door behind him with a force that spoke volumes. Mother watching him through the dining room window saw the eagerness with which he closed the front gate. She almost believed she could hear his sigh of relief at escaping.

And so Thanksgiving Day passed, a miserable, lonely holiday for the two who remained at home. Father did not go out, but sat all by himself in the little parlor, indulging in long meditations which Mother never interrupted.

The following night, Bobby plainly ill at ease and darting quick glances at his mother as she sewed, suddenly spoke impetuously, but with a finality in his voice that surprised his listeners.

"I'm going away to-morrow," he said; "I'm going to be an engineer. It's a fine, free life."

"You're quoting, now," his father said, grimly; "just what's the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing," Bobby returned.

"Don't you want an education?" Mother asked then. "After I've thought maybe you were above certain trades and things, you turn around like this!"

"No, I don't want an education, the lad suddenly cried out, flinging caution to the winds; "I don't want an education, if I've got to stay at home while I'm getting it."

Mother's heart leaped in her breast and she felt a quivering pain as his words reached her. She could not answer, only sat gazing at him with wide, stricken eyes.

Bobby now fully launched went on bitterly. "The other fellow's mothers care for 'em; they ain't always huggin' and kissin' em, but they look things; and they smile and sometimes sing; their home is jolly, and they ain't always bein' called down like I am."

He looked obliquely at his father and lapsed into silence.

"Go on, my son!" said the man.

"Well there's nothing more to be said, only I'm tired of home, especially since Janey's gone. Mother don't care for me at all; I ain't saying I want to be kissed and hugged like Harold Pierce," he went on

warningly; "but I'm not goin' to stay round where I'm not wanted, and that's flat."

"Bobby!" the word fell from Mother's lips in a little sobbing whisper, but Father with dignity in his bearing and voice, said: "Go upstairs Bobby; I think you need to be alone for a little while. Just think things over, my boy."

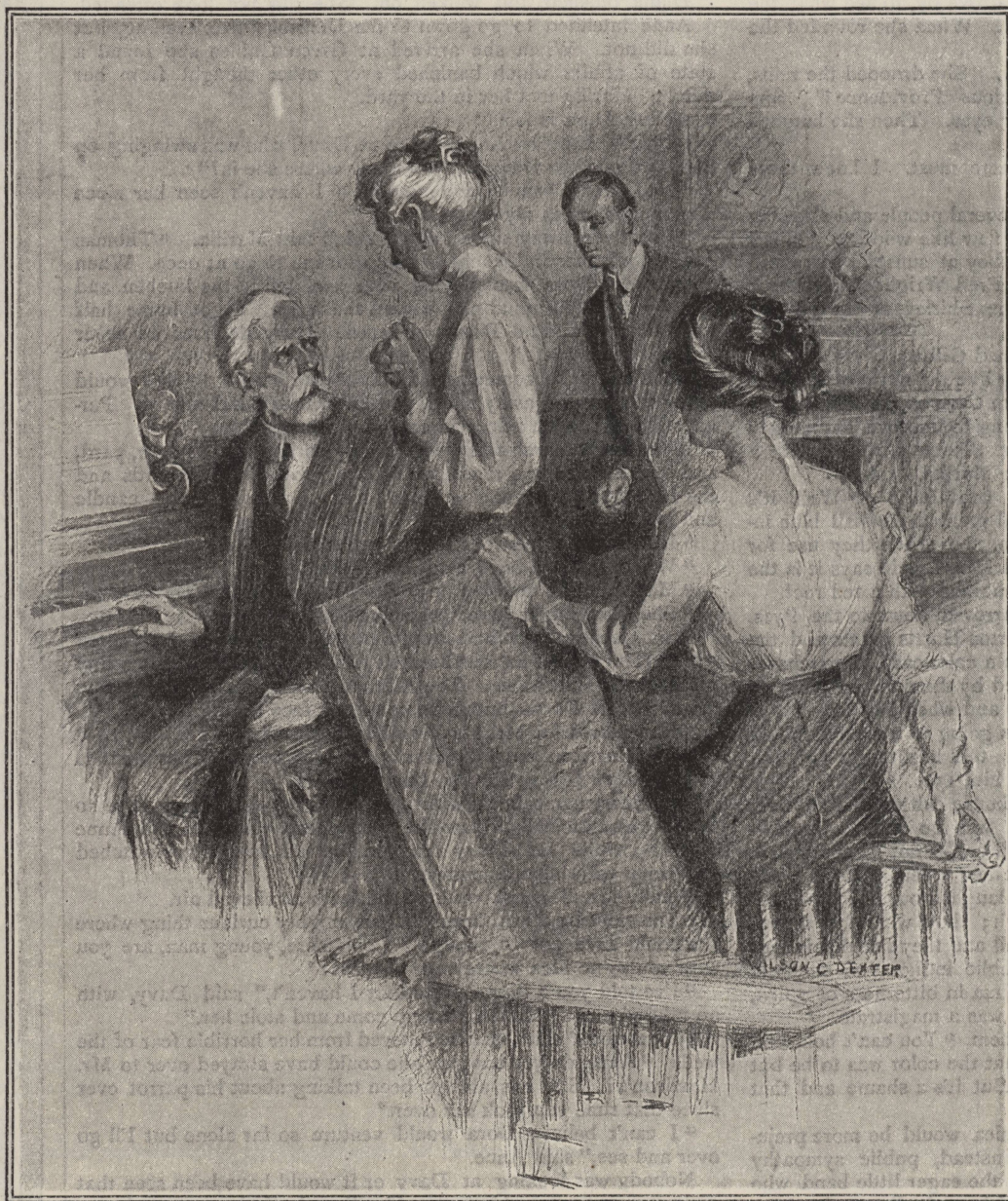
Bobby quickly left the room. "Jane" said Father then; "I'm afraid maybe home ain't what it ought to be for a growing boy; is it because we're old?"

Mother shook her head; her sorrow was too great for words and in a few moments she sought her own room, to pass a sleepless, tossing night.

But Bobby did not appear at the breakfast table, and a search revealed that he was gone. That he had left home without a word!

"We must let him live and learn, Mother," said Father, with a set white face, for his son was very dear to him. "Live and learn and trust that nothing happens to him. It won't do any good to bring him back; he'd only go again."

Mother nodded, her spirit broken. During the day, however, she went down to the railroad yards, making quiet inquiries, but Bobby had not been seen or heard of there.



"Janey taught me," he said, still shyly—"I've been studying evenings at home—I thought maybe if I kept on I could make you a little happier,"

a trifle and went her way wrapped in depressed and and silent moods. Her thoughts were strange ones, too, and sometimes in fear she tried to put them from her, scathing herself for not being contented at her age with mere physical comforts. But she could not quench the passionate desire for the esthetics of life, shrinking more and more from Father's bluff heartiness and unfailing good humor.

His frequent absences she noticed, however, and two days before Thanksgiving she asked in a toneless voice if he meant to be at home to Thanksgiving dinner.

"I've never missed Thanksgiving dinner at home, have I?" he asked quietly.

"Well, you might change your mind," she said, rather ungraciously and very unjustly, and then immediately condemned herself.

But Bobby now spoke quickly and as if a little fearful of the consequences of his announcement.

"I won't be here, Mother; don't count on me."

She turned to look at him, this sixteen-year-old son, so like his father in plain, unassuming manners.

"Not for dinner?" she asked then.

"Not all day," he answered, trying to make his tones nonchalant; "I promised one of the girls that I'd go to her house; it's awful jolly there I tell you."

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So with eyes dim from weeping and a heart sore with the truths she was learning she returned home; an empty home now since Father was away most of the time, and Bobby had gone, choosing rather the world with its general unkindnesses to home with its specific failures.

Mother knew as time went on where she had been wrong; but with her understanding there came no relief. It was hard even in her sorrow to dissolve the ice that bound her after years of secret pining for the things she did not have, unimportant things she now knew, and so she was unable to offer Father any comfort or hope.

And ever the question haunted Mother's mind. Had she made home cheerful for the boy? A young thing that demanded life and happiness, and to whom she had given nothing—showing no interest in his inner life; wrapped only in her own gloomy and complaining thoughts.

And then as December crept on and still there came no word from the wanderer, she succumbed completely. All day she wept, only gaining a little composure when Father appeared for his brief stay at meal time and then out again, sometimes arriving home at midnight.

For now truly she was alone and busy with her awakening thoughts. She realized as never before the value of her husband's quiet love, a love that she never understood while she had it, because it lacked the froth of rhetoric and unmeaning protestation.

There came a day when she could no longer sit at home and brood, when hands and heart demanded action; when her desire and great fear for Bobby overcame ever other feeling; so early in the morning she started out again on her quest. Though she believed he had left the city, perhaps she could gain some information as to his movements; anything she told herself, but dead inertia.

The day wore on as she traversed the city, and when twilight had fallen she started back home again with no news, her heart heavy and her forebodings dark. To what had she driven her boy? What life was he leading, this little sunny-haired chap who had once lain in her arms?

She hastened on, her eyes burning with tears. She went slowly up the steps leading to her home; then she half stumbled against something crouched in the corner, close against the railing. She stooped in the dimness, but she already knew what the object was.

With a cry she had her arms about the dark, crouching figure; Bobby, thin, worn Bobby back from his travels. Plainly ashamed, trying to explain in an incoherent way that he had just returned for some clothes.

"No, no, Bobby," Mother cried then; "You have just come home. Say it, dear; you have just come home to stay with me."

Then in a moment he collapsed and sobbed on her shoulder in relief. And soon everything was made clear and he found himself within the shelter of his home, with Mother hovering about him with happy eyes and no words of blame on her lips.

"Where's Father?" he asked after a little. "I didn't worry much about facing him, 'cause I knew he'd understand. But I did think of you Mother—you wouldn't understand, that's all."

"I think I'll understand many things now, Bobby," she replied, and said nothing more then.

Father was still absent when seven o'clock struck, and Mother flushed and excited with a new strange feeling at her heart watched anxiously for him.

At last at eight o'clock he came, but not alone. Janey and her husband and baby were with him. Father went straight to Mother, Bobby in a sudden access of shame having hidden behind the door.

"It's your birthday, Jane," Father said; "I've been fixing to give you something, that's why I'm so late."

"Oh, Father," she cried; "never mind my birthday. Bobby has come back!"

Bobby came from behind the door with crimson face, but his shame dissolved at the look in his Father's eyes. They shook hands gravely and in silence, but the boy for the first time really sensed his father's deep love.

"Come into the parlor," said Janey then, smiling at them all. "Father wants to give you his present, Mother."

So reunited and happy, Bobby near his mother, they went into the parlor. For a moment Father stood reluctant, shy; then with a look at Janey he went to the piano. He opened the long closed lid and drew the stool up close to the keys.

His large rough hands strayed stiffly for a moment, then steadied themselves, and in a moment softly, with lingering touch he played "Home Sweet Home," going directly from that to "Annie Laurie," Mother's favorite.

His fingers unaccustomed to delicate work, at times faltered and his music was slow, unsure, but it was purest harmony to Mother. Her heart leapt as when a girl she had dreamed of his love for her; a great, unfaltering love that had always shielded her, but which she had put from her.

Father when he had finished turned slowly from the piano. "Janey taught me," he said, still shyly; "I've been studying evenings at her home. I thought maybe if I kept on I could make you a little happier. Do you like it, Mother?"

His tones were wistful, prayerful, and his eyes sought hers with anxious, tender questioning.

In a moment Mother was beside him, her face pressed close to his.

"Father, Father," she cried, "I have been blind—and you are so loving—so great—"

"There, there, Mother," he said softly, unmindful of the children, and back once again in the sweet courting days; "there, there Janey; there's nothing in the world too good for you, Dear Heart."

And comforted and quite content to be in his big, shielding arms, Mother at last found peace and understanding.

OUT-OF-DOOR SCHOOLS

By Everett Hyde

IT is gratifying to note that England is following in the footsteps of Germany with regard to the open-air school system, which has been so successfully conducted all through the Empire but has shown to the very best advantage in Berlin. It was only a few years ago that the Board of Education in that city determined that it was high time to correct the evils resulting from the presence of so many anemic children in the city schools. These children were of course very "backward," and their presence in school was a hindrance to the normal pupils. On the other hand they must be educated somewhere. It was finally decided to try an out-of-door school, which was established with about forty pupils. The children were divided in the proportion of twenty scholars to one teacher; their day was divided in the proportion of two-thirds work and one-third play. The result of the first year showed that fifty per cent. of the scholars were cured of their anemia; and every pupil has been signally benefitted by the life.

Now the educational authorities of Great Britain are turning their attention to the tremendous number of anemic English school-children; realizing that the old philosopher was correct when he said that only sound bodies could contain sound minds. School-houses may be palaces—on the outside; may represent thousands of dollars spent for the purpose of pleasing the eye, but good work cannot be done in unventilated rooms. Moreover, the out-of-door work not only is of immense advantage to the anemics, but it is also invaluable for normal children.

We are all accustomed to playing out doors, and we all know how children find their greatest delight in the open air. Perhaps sometimes even we may learn that out-of-door schools are a means of guarding against some of the common diseases of children of the school age.

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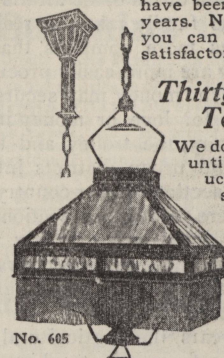
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How Uncle Sam Helps the Farmer's Wife

By Catherine Frances Cavanaugh

Illustrated by Celeste Griswold



HOW'S your wife and the rest of the family? now that I hear your cattle is fine."

This sample of rural humor, without doubt, was inspired by the fact that the average farmer seems to give more consideration to his stock than to his family. In justice to him it should be remembered that farming is the business by which he supports his family, and he is no more remiss in his attentions to his wife than the average city man who is obliged to give the better part of his

time to the consideration of his office affairs and business associates—and let the family take the residue.

If the city wife has more comforts than the country wife it is because they are more easily procured. There are many things which money may secure in the city which cannot be had for love or money in the country. While the rural delivery, the trolley and the telephone have brought rural and urban districts into closer communication in certain sections of our country, it should be remembered that there are other sections where they have not penetrated. And, even granting that many of the rural districts have these modern conveniences, they do not give them some of the city conveniences that are as common as the water system.

While for many years the Agricultural Department has been assisting the farmer in teaching him the methods to get the best results from his land and his stock, it is comparatively recently that it has turned its attention to the needs of the farm wife and her province. It realizes that woman wants more to-day than she did yesterday, and that the best way to make men content to stay on the farms is to make their women folks content to stay there too, not under protest, but really happy and contented, doing their share to make farming a science and regarding its study as soul-inspiring as that of astronomy.

Realizing that, unless woman is a born gypsy, she cares more for her house than for fields and woods, and that the farm house is the heart of the farm, Uncle Sam sent his assistants into the country to see what the average farm house lacks and what can be done to supply such deficiencies. Did he think that the crying need of the farmer's family is more music and higher works of art? Not a bit of it. Those things certainly are elevating, he agreed, but a water supply that will furnish pure water, with least labor on the part of both the men and the women, is to be desired above all things. It is not only a source of cleanliness, but a source of peace—for many wordy wars have ensued on the question as to who should haul the water.

So Uncle Sam investigated, studied, then planned and told the farmer how to dig his well; where to locate it; how to construct a modern cistern made of cement, or concrete, with filtering chamber; how to connect it with the kitchen sink so the housewife would have the water handy; and also to make a bathroom possible by the same means. He told how to construct an elevated tank, which is often used to supply some large buildings, as well as small homes. He told of the possibilities of the windmill, and, when he concluded, he convinced the

farmer that to leave his house without some water system was not only unsanitary but down right dangerous—as in case of fire.

In event a new house is contemplated, he advises on the best location, and calls attention to the new building materials, principally concrete. He plans for the plumbing, sewerage, disposal of garbage, and installation of baths and laundry. He sees no reason why the modern farm should be deprived of furnace heat, or why the housekeeper should be smoked one-half the time and freezing the other half, and gives plans for installation of heating plants. He gives plans for new homes, and for remodeling old ones, from wall treatment to pantry conveniences. This knowledge he presents in the form of a bulletin, "Modern Conveniences for the Farm Home", as a supplement to that on "Practical Suggestions for Farm Buildings", which has enabled thousand of farmers to build wisely, and to judiciously rectify previous mistakes made in farm buildings.

Every farm wife will concede that, of all her tasks, those which come during butchering season are the most disagreeable, the hardest. Uncle Sam seeks to alleviate her distress by showing modern processes of butchering, curing, and keeping meat, and when she reads his up-to-date methods for making corned beef, salt pork, dry-cured pork, dried beef, head-cheese, scrapple, pickled pig's feet, lard, sausage, hamburger steak and bologna sausage, the ordeal diminishes before the anticipation of good things to eat for months to come.

Knowing that the poultry management falls to the lot of the farm wife, he has prepared a special pamphlet on chicken raising, starting with the egg and ending when the chicken is ready for market, or for the family dinner. He teaches her that the chicks must have almost as good care as babies; that they must have properly built houses, cleanliness, food and water. He tells of their diseases, and how to cure them—in short, stops only when the subject is exhausted. He teaches her not to through neglect kill the hen, which in these high-price times, comes very near to laying a golden egg. He has, also, made both scientific investigations and practical experiments on the raising of turkeys, squabs, guinea fowl, ducks, geese, etc., and issues a special work on incubation and incubators for her guidance.

The dairy being her special province, he tells her how to conduct a suc-

cessful dairy farm, or one on a smaller scale. In separate bulletins, he treats of butter-making; gives a course in cheese-making, such as is in vogue at the best agricultural schools in which he explains the advantages of the milking machine, the cream tester, and the separator, and makes her see the wisdom of co-operating with the city boards of health in running her dairy on hygienic principles.

He knows that many farm wives would keep bees, and have plenty of honey for home consumption and the market, if they only knew how to go about it. So he gives them a lecture on Bee-Keeping, and another on the Production and Care of Extracted Honey. He is careful to tell them that honey may be poisonous when made by bees allowed to sip from certain flowers—and thus saves them from unintentional injury to their families and customers.

He takes them on botanical expeditions, and by lecture and illustration, introduces them to wild medicinal plants native to our country, and to American root-drugs, so they may have some of the medical lore boasted by their ancestresses, with modern lore in addition, and need never be without simple remedies. He wants to impress it on their minds that many medicinal plants and roots deteriorate through age, and, while many old drugs, kept in the stores, may not be harmful, they are not at all helpful. The best way is to have one's own supply from Nature's laboratory. His lecture on the poisonous plants common to the United States, will also aid.

Many farms which devote the energy of the men to raising grain for the market, leave the truck garden to the women. Some of the women go about it half-heartedly, because they are discouraged at results—results which usually come from leaving Mother Nature to do all the work. To help the truck gardeners, Uncle Sam has made thorough experiments along certain lines, and then tells how successful results may be assured. He has issued special bulletins on potato culture, beets, asparagus, cranberries, strawberries, raspberries, tomatoes, cucumbers and okra. He gives printed lectures on how to kill the weeds; how to irrigate the garden, and to destroy the pests that prey on the reservation.

Uncle Sam is causing the farm wife to uplift herself by her own enthusiasm; showing her that she is concerned with science, not mere drudgery. The day may be passed when she could have time, or opportunity, to attend an agricultural college, but he is doing his best to bring its advantages to her, she using her own farm as the experiment station.



Chicks must have almost as good care as babies.

ANNE OF AVONLEA

Continued from page 7.

returned to the kitchen, just as Marilla came in, pulling the reluctant Davy, whom she had found in the darkest corner of the stable.

She jerked him to the mat on the middle of the floor and then sat down by the east window. Anne was sitting by the west window. Between them stood the culprit. His back was towards Marilla and it was a meek, subdued, frightened back; but his face was towards Anne and although it was shamefaced there was a gleam of comradeship in Davy's eyes, as if he knew he had done wrong and was going to be punished for it, but could count on a laugh with Anne later on.

But no hidden smile answered him in Anne's eyes, as there might have done had it been only a question of mischief.

"How could you behave so, Davy?" she asked sorrowfully.

Davy squirmed uncomfortably.

"I did it for fun. Things have been so quiet here that I thought it would be fun to give you folks a big scare. It was, too." Davy grinned over the recollection.

"But you told a falsehood about it, Davy," said Anne sorrowfully.

Davy looked puzzled.

"What's a falsehood? Do you mean a whopper?"

"I mean a story that was not true."

"Course I did," said Davy frankly. "If I hadn't you wouldn't have been scared. I had to tell it."

Anne was feeling the reaction from her fright and exertions. Two big tears brimmed up in her eyes.

"Oh, Davy, how could you?" she said. "Don't you know how wrong it was?"

Davy was aghast. Anne crying. He had made Anne cry! A flood of remorse rolled like a wave over his warm little heart. He rushed to Anne, hurled himself into her lap, flung his arms around her neck, and burst into tears.

"I didn't know it was wrong to tell whoppers," he sobbed. "How did you expect me to know it was wrong? All Mr. Sprott's children told them regular every day. I s'pose Paul Irving never tells whoppers and I've been trying awful hard to be as good as him, but now I s'pose you'll never love me again. I think you might have told me it was wrong. I'm awful sorry I've made you cry, Anne, and I'll never tell a whopper again."

Davy buried his face in Anne's shoulder and cried stormily. Anne in a flash of understanding, held him tight and looked over his curly thatch at Marilla.

"He didn't know it was wrong to tell falsehoods, Marilla. I think we must forgive him for that part of it if he will promise never to say what isn't true again."

"I never will, now that I know it's bad. If you ever catch me telling a whopper again you can—" Davy groped mentally for a suitable penance—"you can skin me alive, Anne."

"Don't say 'whopper,' Davy, say 'falsehood,'" said the schoolma'am.

"Why?" queried Davy, settling down and looking up with a tear-stained face. "Why ain't whopper as good as falsehood? It's just as big a word."

"It's slang; and it's wrong for little boys to use slang."

"There's an awful lot of things it's wrong to do," said Davy with a sigh. "I never s'posed there was so many. I'm sorry it's wrong to tell whop—falsehoods, 'cause it's awful handy. What are you going to do to me for telling them this time? I want to know." Anne looked at Marilla.

"I don't want to be too hard on the child," said Marilla. "I daresay nobody ever did tell him it was wrong to tell lies. Poor Mary was too sick to train him properly and I presume you couldn't expect a six-year-old child to know things like that by instinct. We'll have to assume he doesn't know anything right and begin at the beginning. But he'll have to be punished for shutting Dora up, and I can't think of any way except to send him to bed without his supper. Can't you suggest something else, Anne? I should think you ought to, with that imagination you're always talking of."

In the end Davy was sent to bed, to remain until noon next day. He evidently did some thinking, for when Anne went up to her room she heard him calling her. Going in, she found him sitting up in bed.

"Anne," he said solemnly, "is it wrong for everybody to tell whop—falsehoods?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Is it wrong for a grown-up person?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Davy decidedly, "Marilla is bad, for she tells them. And she's worse'n me, for I didn't know it was wrong but she does."

"Davy Keith, Marilla never told a story in her life," said Anne indignantly.

"She did so. She told me last Tuesday that something dreadful would happen if I didn't say my prayers every night. And I haven't for over a week, just to see what would happen, and nothing has," concluded Davy in an aggrieved tone.

Anne choked back a desire to laugh, and then set about saving Marilla's reputation.

"Why, Davy," she said solemnly, "something dreadful has happened this very day."

Davy looked sceptical.

"I s'pose you mean being sent to bed without any supper," he said, "but that isn't dreadful. Course, I don't like it, but I've been sent to bed so much since I come here that I'm getting used to it. And you don't save anything by making me go without supper either, for I always eat twice as much for breakfast."

"I don't mean your being sent to bed. I mean the fact that you told a falsehood to-day. And, Davy,"—Anne leaned over the footboard of the bed and shook her finger at the culprit—"for a boy to tell what isn't true is almost the worst thing that could happen to him. Marilla told you the truth."

"But I thought the something bad would be exciting," protested Davy in an injured tone.

"Marilla isn't to blame for what you thought. Bad things aren't always exciting. They're very often nasty and stupid."

"It was awful funny to see Marilla and you looking down the well," said Davy, hugging his knees.

Anne kept a sober face until she got downstairs and then she collapsed on the lounge and laughed until her sides ached.

"I wish you'd tell me the joke," said Marilla. "I haven't seen much to laugh at to-day."

"You'll laugh when you hear this," assured Anne. And Marilla did laugh. But she sighed afterwards.

"I suppose I shouldn't have told him that, although I heard a minister say it to a child once. But he did aggravate me so. He said he didn't see the good of praying until he got big enough to be of some importance to God. I do not know what we are going to do with that child. I'm discouraged."

"Oh, don't say that, Marilla. Remember how bad I was when I came here."

"Anne, you never were bad—never. You were always getting into scrapes, but your motive was always good. Davy is bad from sheer love of it."

"Oh, no, I don't think it is real badness," pleaded Anne. "It's just mischief. And it is rather quiet for him here, you know. He has no other boys to play with and his mind has to have something to occupy it. Dora is so prim and proper she is no good for a boy's playmate. I really think it would be better to let them go to school, Marilla."

"No," said Marilla resolutely, "my father always said that no child should be cooped up in school until it was seven years old, and Mr. Allan says the same thing. The twins can have lessons at home but go to school they shan't till they're seven."

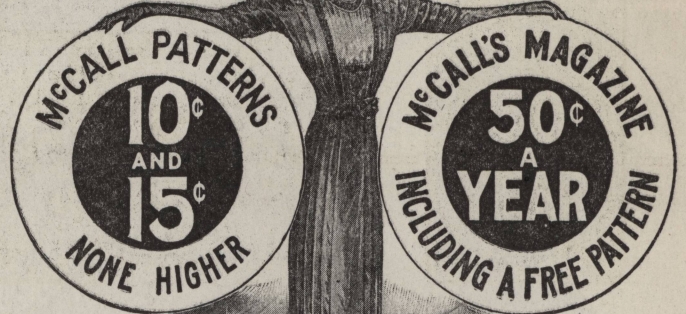
"We must try to reform Davy at home then," said Anne cheerfully. "With all his faults he's a dear little chap. I can't help loving him. It may be a dreadful thing to say, but honestly, I like Davy better than Dora."

Continued on page 22.

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Needlecraft is the name of the new fashion and fancy-work magazine published by the Vickery & Hill Publishing Co. Our 38 years of success in the publishing world are a guarantee that Needlecraft is all we claim for it. It is devoted to home dress-making, home millinery, embroidery, crocheting—in fact, everything will be found there that can help, interest or instruct the home-making, home-loving woman.

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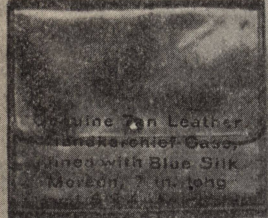
6-inch Doilies, a complete set of nine beautifully matched pieces. If you are not more than pleased with Needlecraft and the Table-Set, return the Set to us, and tell us why you do not like Needlecraft, and your money will be immediately returned to you and no questions asked. This is our guarantee of satisfaction. You take no chances. Send your order **NOW**.

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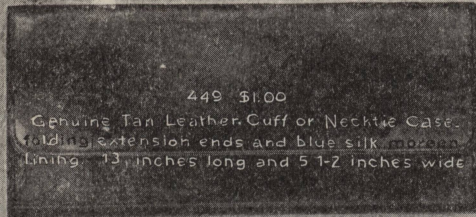
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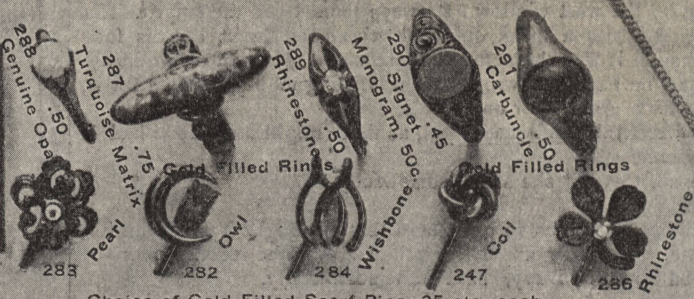


451 .85



449 \$1.00

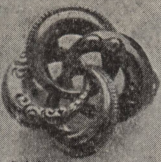
Genuine Tan Leather Cuff or Necktie Case, lined with Blue Silk Moreen, 13 inches long and 5 1/2 inches wide.



Choice of Gold Filled Scarf Pins, 25 cts. each.



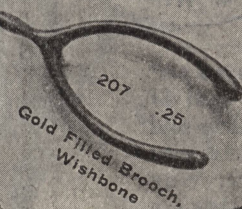
BAIRD-NORTH CO.



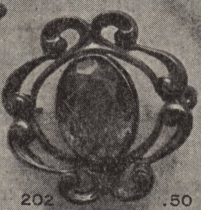
210 .50 Gold Filled Brooch, Coil



205 .75 Gold Filled Brooch, Baroque Pearl



207 .25 Gold Filled Brooch, Wishbone



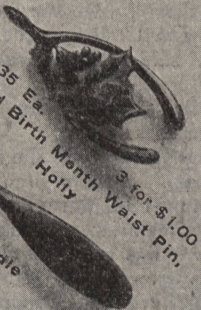
202 .50 Gold Filled Brooch, Amethyst



203 .50 Gold Filled Brooch, Amethyst



229 .25 Gold Filled Veli Pin, Paddle



201 .35 Ea. Gold Filled Birth Month Waist Pin



97 \$10.00 Solid Gold Necklace, Baroque Pearls, Amethyst



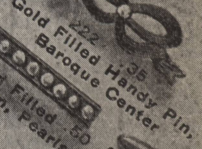
42 .85 Solid Gold Cross, Roman



222 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Baroque Pearl



215 .40 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl Center



222 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Baroque Pearl



216 .25 Gold Filled Brooch, Maple Leaf



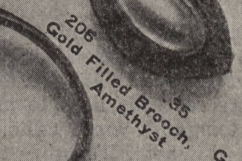
202 .50 Gold Filled Brooch, Amethyst



208 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Jade



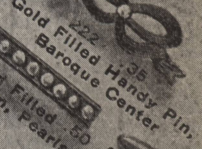
217 \$1.00 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl



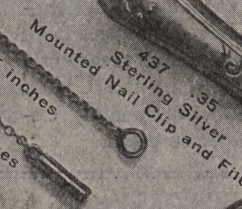
206 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Amethyst



215 .40 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl Center



222 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Baroque Pearl



216 .25 Gold Filled Brooch, Maple Leaf



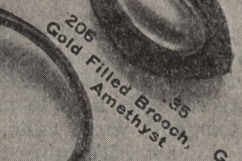
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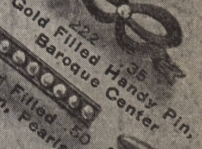
217 \$1.00 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl



206 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Amethyst



215 .40 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl Center



222 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Baroque Pearl



216 .25 Gold Filled Brooch, Maple Leaf



202 .50 Gold Filled Brooch, Amethyst



208 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Jade



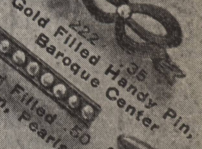
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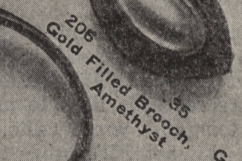
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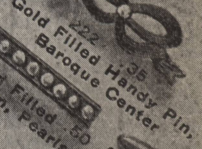
217 \$1.00 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl



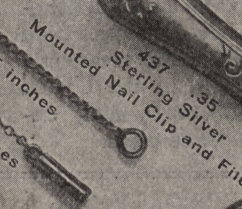
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215 .40 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl Center



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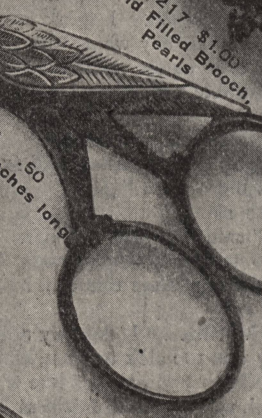
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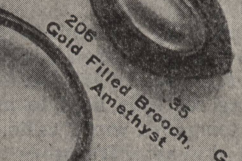
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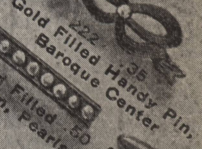
217 \$1.00 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl



206 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Amethyst



215 .40 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl Center



222 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Baroque Pearl



216 .25 Gold Filled Brooch, Maple Leaf



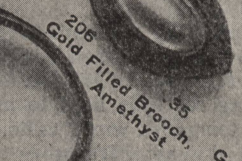
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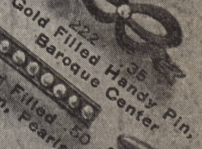
217 \$1.00 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl



206 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Amethyst



215 .40 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl Center



222 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Baroque Pearl



216 .25 Gold Filled Brooch, Maple Leaf



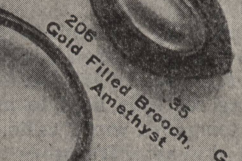
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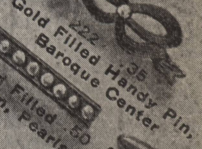
217 \$1.00 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl



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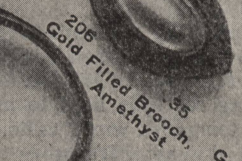
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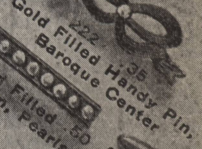
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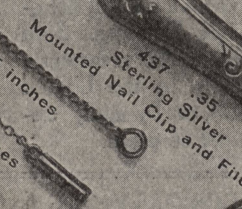
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215 .40 Gold Filled Brooch, Pearl Center



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216 .25 Gold Filled Brooch, Maple Leaf



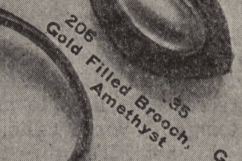
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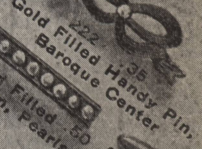
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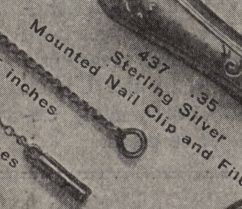
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222 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Baroque Pearl



216 .25 Gold Filled Brooch, Maple Leaf



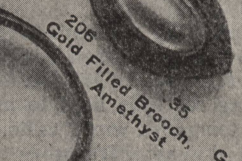
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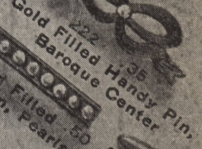
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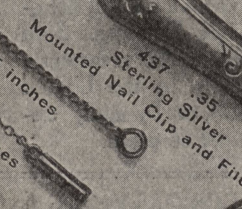
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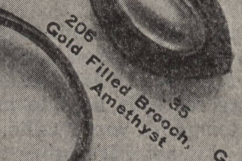
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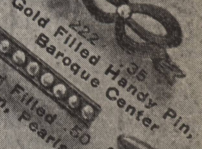
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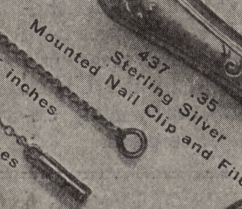
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222 .35 Gold Filled Brooch, Baroque Pearl



216 .25 Gold Filled Brooch, Maple Leaf



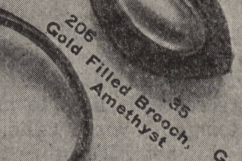
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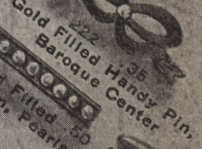
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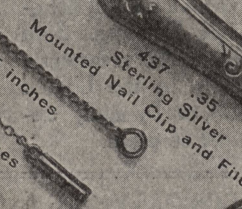
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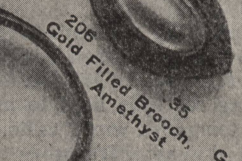
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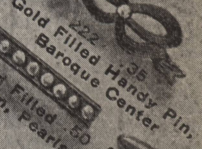
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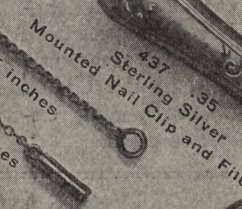
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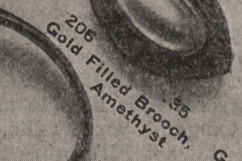
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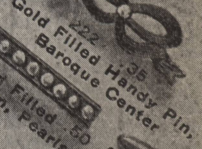
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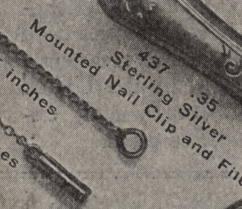
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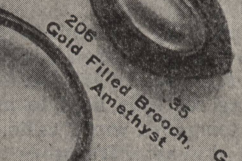
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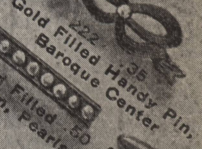
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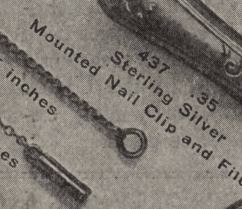
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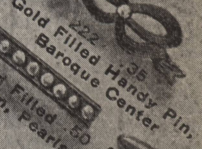
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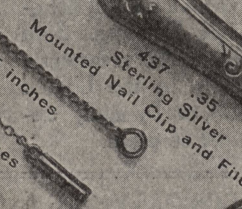
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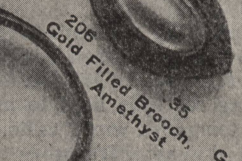
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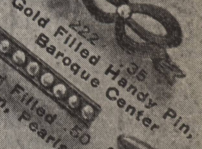
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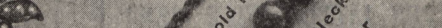
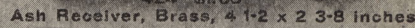


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EDITORIAL OUTLOOK**On Thanksgiving Day**

LIKE the rest of humanity we women have countless big mercies for which to return thanks not only on the National Festival but every other day in the year, but there are certain little special mercies which affect our sex alone which may have slipped the memory of some of us. For instance, perhaps we have forgotten to be thankful that we are women. Frequently some one of us may be heard to say "Oh, if I were only a man!" but if she had her hasty wish granted she would soon discover she had left many pleasant things behind with her womanhood. The generality of people are considerate, kind and courteous to the womanly, refined woman. She is not expected as a matter of course to shoulder the hardest part of the work as is her husband, or father or brother, and if circumstances compel her to do so, if she is brave in adversity, industrious and clever, she gets her full meed of praise while men are expected to act in such manner without receiving any particular appreciation in return.

Then how exceeding glad we women folk of this independent country should be that we have not been born into a land where we would be expected to veil our faces in smothering draperies, or to spend monotonous existence behind bars and lattices, nor yet that we must resign ourselves to being regarded as unwelcome and inferior beings, good only to wait upon the men of the household, as would have been our lot had the stork dropped us in Persia or China instead of America.

Also assuredly it is cause for thankfulness from every one of us that womankind has so emancipated herself from the foolish restrictions of former days that she is now nearly as free in the enjoyment of fresh air and sunshine and Nature in every form as her brother man. She can run her own automobile or aeroplane or motor boat, swim, climb mountains, explore strange countries, make discoveries, invent helpful contrivances, travel about alone if necessary without exciting disagreeable comment or getting herself into difficulties, and as a result is a thousand times healthier and happier than when social forms condemned her to a rocking chair and fancywork, with prim walks under pink parasols for recreation and exercise. Let us be thankful indeed that we are not of the days of our grandmothers.

Surely, too, woman should be devoutly thankful that she has found out she can stand firmly on her own two feet without leaning for support on anyone, and that instead of insisting her husband or other masculine relative shall bear her about on his shoulders like an Old Woman instead of an Old Man of the Sea, she can walk beside him, and very frequently give him a helping hand over the rough places, or at least not retard him in his progress or add to his difficulties. If he is the right kind of man—and the right kind of men are fortunately in the majority—he loves and respects her all the more because of this new-found self-reliance, and that, too, is something for every woman to be thankful for.

L. D. R.

To-Morrow

SPAIN has been called "The Land of To-morrow," because of the continual use by its people of that word. Is there a task to be undertaken or a reform to be instituted the matter is set aside for a more convenient season, and the impatient are consoled by the promise of action upon another day. Consequently the nation has fallen into dilapidation and decay.

Yet I have often thought that a wiser application of the Spanish proverb would sometimes not be amiss. How much is frequently crowded into one day that could be better performed in several, if the workers would but remember that there were others to come!

Young Mrs. A. gets her washing out early and decides she can have half her ironing done that afternoon. Meanwhile the nice hot suds will be just the thing to mop that upstairs closet that needs cleaning. After her irons are hot, she probably recollects that she might as well have a cake baking and stops to mix it. And so one task leads to another until she finally falls asleep over the mending that need not have been finished before Wednesday. The cake scorched a little while she attended to the ironing, the starch did a good deal while she attended to the cake. Nothing was really well done except the work originally appointed for the day—the washing. Her idea had been to get all "the muss and clutter" out of the way as soon as possible, but as she had extended her labors into the hours when company usually come, she had been interrupted by callers, and with the numberless extra steps required of most housewives in the ordinary course of events, the day was overfull.

It is the same in other matters. Mrs. B. worries herself into hysterics over a coming trouble. The weeks pass, circumstances rearrange themselves, the trouble dissolves like a rainbow. To-morrow has laid it low.

"I must save for my old age," says the man. "For my children," says the woman.

The man dies in his prime; the children scatter, acquire good incomes of their own and despise the pittance that comes to them through their mother's sacrifices. A few more vacations might have prolonged the man's life; a few less privations might have left the children's hearts more tender, but, alas, provision was not made for to-day's bread, but for to-morrow's.

"To-morrow! It is a period nowhere to be found. In all the hoary registers of Time——," wrote old Nathaniel Cotton, yet in all probability it will appear among them as all previous to-morrow's have done. If it does not there is less need of preparing for it. Very few things will be of consequence in eternity.

Reasonable foresight must be exercised. Conditions exist and circumstances will arise to set aside all rules; yet for every hour there is one task, one thought supremely important. Carry that through as faithfully as possible, and leave to to-morrow the things of to-morrow.

Jennie's apron must be mended this very afternoon, but it is not necessary to plan her whole wardrobe for next Winter. Jimmie was naughty this morning and must be corrected for his fault, but that does not insure his inclination toward criminal tendencies when he grows up. James the elder may have scratched his hand quite badly last evening, but there is no reason to contemplate the awful agony of tetanus.

Are we not divinely commanded to "take no thought for the morrow?" "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Live to-day only, and to-morrow will be better able to carry its own burdens, bear its own griefs and rejoice in its own joys—for it sometimes seems as if we had blurred the sunshine of the present by too eager hopes for the future.

Use this day freely, trusting in the next. It will solve its own problems, reveal its own mysteries, lead us at last beyond the realms of time, past the bounds of sorrow and into a more "glorious to-morrow" than even Thomas Moore dreamed of.

H. M. MCC.

The Wife's Allowance

AS soon as the world was fairly launched upon its career there was a need for trade or barter. This of course necessitated some medium of exchange—the coinage of money immediately followed the discovery of malleability of metals; and as soon as money was invented, there arose the seed of one of the great problems of married life—the wife's allowance. The subject is, of course, an old one. It had its beginning in the dawn of civilization, as soon as money existed. At first the solution was simple, for the wife being little more than a slave, had no allowance at all. Then gradually, as the position of woman reached a higher plane, the question became involved; by the eighteenth century it was evident; in the nineteenth it was prominent; in the twentieth it is dominant. Should the wife have an allowance absolutely definite? Should this be exactly equal to her husband's share? Does she earn the equal share?

In the first place it is universally admitted that the wife must have some sort of allowance. It is her place to assume charge of the commissary department; and it will add greatly to the common advantage if she personally pays the bills which she personally contracts. Tradespeople will have more respect for the instructions of a woman who pays her own bills—she will be more of an active personality to them, and receive better attention and better service. Then she has her own individual purchases to make—for these she must pay either out of her allowance, or with money begged especially for the purpose. We say "begged" advisedly; and there is no single thing more annoying or humiliating to a woman than to be compelled to ask again and again for small amounts with which to make those numerous small purchases so dear to the feminine heart. There must be an allowance by all means—the great question concerns its proportion to the family income.

If that income is divided into two equal shares the husband and the family undergo some difficulty. The wife may out of her half pay for supplies, the husband for rent; yet the portions remaining from each share are unequally divided in that the husband should have a larger amount, which he might deposit in a bank, or invest for the common good. The wife's allowance should be of sufficient size to pay for supplies and her personal needs. The husband should certainly care for the greater amount—if he is an employee, to save it; if he is in business for himself, to apply it towards further success.

The wife has a perfect right to treat her allowance as a salary. Her husband's work is away from home, to be sure, but it cannot possibly in drudgery and monotony approach her daily routine. She is as much a wage-earner as is her husband; if she actually does the housework she is accomplishing what an outside servant would be paid for doing. While the man is captain of the craft she is acting as common sailor—but in its way her labor is precisely as highly skilled as that of her husband. She is, therefore, entitled to an absolutely definite salary—a certain percentage of her husband's income, which she should use for herself after the household necessities are paid for. In this way she will feel the satisfaction of having actually earned her money—satisfaction which never goes with money doled out at irregular intervals by a careless husband. Her satisfaction will show itself by a greater interest in household management—an economy in one department will mean actual money in her pocket, and that is another satisfaction. Give the wife her own income, and avert one danger which has made countless married lives wretched. Ninety-nine per cent. of the world's troubles are caused by money matters.

E. H.



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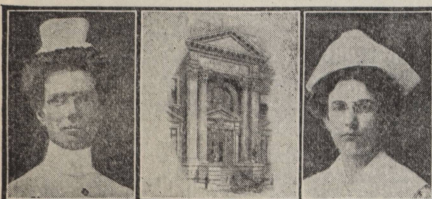
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By Margaret Stantyn Humphreyville.,

Illustration by George A. Harker.

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Mother sits by your little bed When you beg her not to go. Mother knows just the very best things, Just what you want her to do, Mothers are really our very best friends, I think so, my dear, don't you?

Parental Don't's

By GENEVA M. SEWELL.



PARENTS, don't quarrel; at least not in the presence of your children. If you must say mean and spiteful things to each other go into a room by yourselves, and

have it out where no one but God and your ears can hear; but don't teach your children the contemptible habit of wrangling.

Don't break promises made to your children. You MUST keep your word if you wish to keep your child's confidence.

Don't punish your children for not behaving themselves when away from home. Punish yourself if anybody; you are the one to blame. Had you taught your children to conduct themselves properly at home you would have no trouble with them when you take them with you.

Don't act as if you were afraid your children would discover that you loved them. If you do love them let them know it; caress them, play with them; sympathize with them. Children need love just as much as flowers need sunshine.

Don't punish a child without letting him know why he is punished. It is unjust and the child knows it. First show him where he done wrong, and how he can do right, and then discipline him as best fits the case.

Don't give up the care of your children to a hireling. Every child's caretaker should be a child lover, and who loves a child like its own mother and father? The father-love and the mother-love should be like two wings, ever lifting the child upward. Don't delegate this up-lifting business to someone who probably cares more for the dollars there is in it than for the welfare of your child.

Don't tell or allow to be told to your children horrible stories. Fill the child's mind with beautiful thoughts, thoughts that in later years will blossom into noble deeds. Don't crowd into his head a host of hideous monsters, that will always be thrusting their frightful faces from out of every dark corner, unless you wish to raise a crop of cowards.

Don't make it necessary for your children to go away from home in order to have a good time. Some children feel most at home when away from home. Don't be the parents of such children.

Don't scold. What good does it do? Listen to your scolding neighbor. She is your looking glass. Take a good look at yourself and then, ever after, be pleasant and sweet, though firm with your child.

Don't let false modesty or anything else prevent you from warning your sons and daughters of the pitfalls that lie all along the path of life. Not only tell them to be-

ware, but tell them of WHAT to beware. Teach them how they will be assailed in order that they may know how to guard themselves. Be the first to reveal to your boy or girl the so-called secrets of life. Don't let some foul mouthed companion get the start of you. Don't shirk your parental duties. Don't let your children bring up themselves, nor let anybody else do it. Do it yourselves. Give them the right start. Pour into their lives all that is best in your own. Plant love deep in their hearts; instill beautiful thoughts in their minds and leave the rest to God.

Teaching a Child Not to Fear the Dentist

By JOSEPH M. STAPLES, D. D. S.

IT IS a very serious mistake for parents or others to speak disparagingly of the pain accompanying dental work in the presence of a child. A child's first serious pain is that of cutting teeth and it naturally creates an impression of dread of any operation within the mouth. Every effort should be made to overcome this impression and it can be easily done with the co-operation of the family dentist to whom occasional visits at regular intervals should be made, beginning with the first teeth.

A staunch friendship should be established between the child and the dentist as early as possible for they shall, of necessity, meet often throughout life and it is well for them to understand each other from the start. A child should be taught that the dentist's mission is one of benefaction, not of torture; his attitude that of friendship, and that at least a part of the child's welfare depends upon him.

When it becomes necessary to speak of pain do not refer to it as being next to unbearable but impress upon the child's mind the fact that most of the pain of a dental operation is due to neglect on the part of the patient and can be reduced to the minimum by following the dentist's instructions in regard to caring for the teeth.

Don't try to coax a child to the dentist with promises of no pain; tell him the truth and teach him that fortitude is a virtue and the lack of it a decided weakness; that procrastination is productive of nothing but unnecessary suffering and expense.

When an adult MUST express his horror of a dentist he should do so out of the hearing of a child for the youthful mind is very receptive and impressions are apt to be created that will make it impossible for the dentist to render efficient service.

Do not teach the child directly nor indirectly to fear a dentist but teach him that regular visits to the dentist are essential to good teeth and that good teeth are absolutely essential to good health.



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For Thanksgiving Dinner

By LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE



WHEN Thanksgiving dinner means gathering together of a large family clan in which there is a generous mixture of fidgety little folks it is best to keep the table setting simple, leaving plenty of room for the carving, serving and eating, also minimizing regret on the part of the hostess when gravy or cranberry sauce finds its way to napkin or table cloth instead of expensive doilies and place cards. But when only a select number of adult guests are to be present the table decorations can easily be in character with the day, such arrangements as are pictured being possible wherever ordinary Autumn stores are available.

The first table has a centerpiece made of a basket such as Smyrna figs are packed in, but for it can be substituted any attractive fancy dish. It is filled with mixed nuts and in the center is a bunch of wheat heads, similar heads forming the standard for the basket. From the center of the basket are carried strings of cranberries ending as frames for large carrots, hollowed out and holding bunches of wheat. Strings of cranberries also form corner ornaments for the little glass candlesticks. At each place is a small papier mache turkey standing on a card bearing the guest's name and an appropriate motto. The gold of the wheat, the different shades of brown of the nuts and the deep crimson of the cranberries combine most attractively and are shown off perfectly by the snowy tablecloth.

The second table has a centerpiece of long carrots arranged log cabin fashion, and held firmly at the corners by wooden toothpicks, these being thrust in so far they are invisible. In the case so made are arranged apples and grapes, with bright colored maple leaves intermingled. The Autumn leaves are also carried across the table as pictured, with candlesticks made of hollowed-out carrots placed at regular intervals. A papier mache carrot at each place holds a rolled-up paper bearing a Thanksgiving verse. To keep the Autumn leaves from shriveling during the dinner lay them as soon as gathered in between the leaves of a heavy book, and when they are dry either varnish them back and front, or else rub a heated flat iron first over a piece of paraffine then over the leaves until the surface of the latter is coated with transparent wax. The varnishing is preferable, however, as the wax slightly dims the bright color. Artificial Autumn leaves can be obtained inexpensively, but the natural ones are far more beautiful and are not much trouble to prepare.

The formal dinner of course necessitates the serving of soup, probably preceded by oysters or clams on the half shell or grape fruit which latter has largely taken the shell-fish course in localities where the latter are not obtainable—but when these two courses can be omitted so much the better for the appetite to enjoy the turkey and the accompaniments which form the principal part of the feast. When soup is served it should be clear, such as consomme, or else small portions of oyster, clam or lobster bisque—any of which can be made of canned shellfish if the fresh is not obtainable, and any of which make a good appetizer to precede poultry. Instead of the bisque, which merely means whatever fish is used is chopped fine so as to mingle with the liquid portion, plain oyster or clam soup may be served. In either case be sure to cook the shell fish, after straining and washing to remove all bits of shell, in its own liquor, and bring the milk to the boiling point by itself, putting the two together only when pouring into the tureen, otherwise the milk will curdle. If thickening with bread or cracker crumb or flour be desired this can be added to the boiling milk. The proper way is to pour the oysters or clams into the tureen then the milk last of all. The butter and seasoning are added to the oysters, etc., while they are cooking.

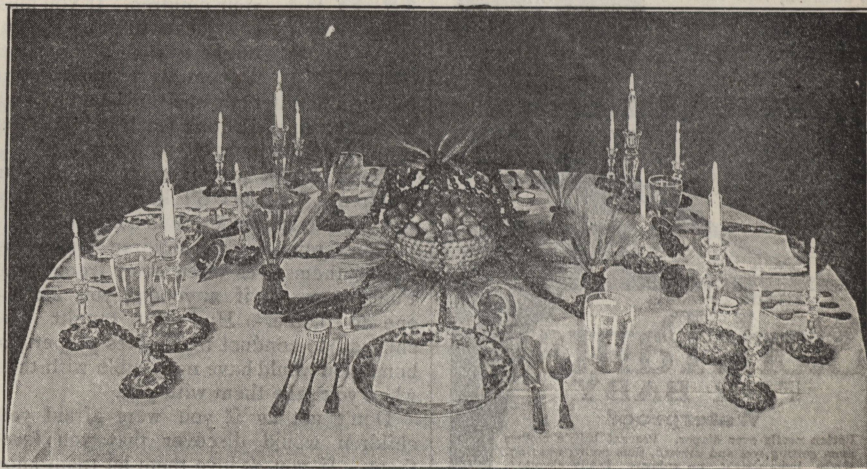
The experienced housekeeper has half a dozen recipes for turkey stuffing at her fingers' ends, but even she, as well as the bride who has just come into her kitchen kingdom, can profitably avail herself of the following which is liked whenever tried: Allow one good-sized stale loaf of baker's bread for a ten-pound tur-

key. Trim off the crusts, cutting these as thin as possible, then crumb the rest, using a coarse grater. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and stir in a cup of celery which has been cooked until tender then chopped. Add last of all half a cupful of melted butter but no water. Mix well, then stuff the turkey but do not pack closely as there must be room for the bread to swell. Keep the water in which the celery was cooked to make the gravy. Instead of the celery a cupful of well-washed and chopped oysters may be used, or some cooks mingle the two, using half a cupful of oysters and half a cupful of chopped celery. Canned oysters can be used as well as fresh.

A novelty will be found in serving piping hot fried oysters as a garnish for the Thanksgiving turkey, placing them as a border about it alternating them with slices of lemon or lemon points and tufts of celery. When serving apportion two oysters to each guest along with the slices of turkey and a little mound of the stuffing, which when oysters are served should consist of merely celery and bread crumb.

Turkey gravy to be appetizing should be as brown as the breast of the bird itself. This color can only be obtained when there is fre-

gobbler is suitable for roasting, but there must be no doubts about the tenderness which can be ascertained by trying the skin under the wing. If it breaks easily the bird is tender, Old turkeys will have long hairs on the breast and the skin on the legs and back will be purplish. If there is any doubt about the tenderness of the bird better boil it, for a boiled turkey is delicious and certainly infinitely to be preferred to a tough roasted one. It should be prepared the same as for roasting, oyster stuffing being the best for it. The wings and legs should be tied close to the body after stuffing, and the breast and body securely sewed to keep the stuffing from escaping. The bird should then be placed breast downward in boiling salted water—a well scoured clothes boiler will serve for a cooking utensil if a regular kettle is not large enough. Put in the water a pound of salt pork and cook all with frequent skimming, for two hours. Do not salt the water too heavily as it can be used for soup after being allowed to cool and then skimmed. When serving slice the pork in neat thin slices and lay these, one slightly overlapping the other, about the turkey, giving a slice to each guest with the portion of turkey. With boiled

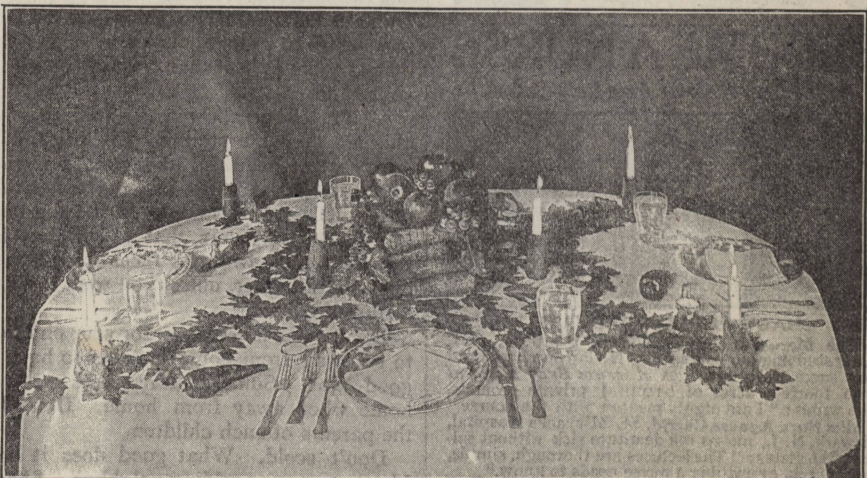


With Wheat, Nuts and Cranberries

Photographed by Mary H. Northend

quent basting and when after the bird is cooked and removed from the pan most of the fat is poured off and the flour stirred into the brown portion at the bottom of the pan, then the thick paste thus formed thinned with either the celery water or the water in which the well-washed heart, liver and gizzard have been slowly simmering while the turkey has been roasting. If giblet gravy is liked these portions after being cooked perfectly tender should be chopped fine—the liver can be mashed with a fork—and

turkey should be served drawn butter or oyster sauce. The former is made by mixing to a smooth paste two tablespoonfuls of sifted flour with half a teacupful of melted but not hot butter—it should be slightly warm. Put this over the fire and stir into it gradually a pint of milk, flavoring with salt and white pepper. This is a much better way than to boil the milk and then thicken it with the flour and butter. A delicious flavor can be given by using half a cupful of the water in which the



With Autumn Leaves and Carrots

Photographed by Mary H. Northend

added to the gravy when it is of the right consistency. Do not add too much water, and a heaping tablespoonful of flour is about the proper quantity for thickening.

A young hen turkey or a very tender young

celery has been cooked for the stuffing and a cupful and a half of milk. The sauce should be like thick cream.

For the oyster sauce strain a pint of oysters and put the juice to heat adding the oysters

as soon as they have been rinsed and looked over for small bits of shell. Cook until they begin to ruffle, remove with a skimmer to the sauce boat, skim the liquor then add a teacupful of rich milk which has been thickened with a tablespoonful of flour rubbed to a paste with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. If the oysters are very large they should be cut in half, but preferably small ones should be selected.

Cranberry sauce, which goes with either roast or boiled turkey, is capable of much finer flavor than the average cook is aware. To her the berries are merely to be stewed and sweetened, with possible straining later. This, however, is the way a Minnesota housewife advises cooking the ruby berries in order to get out of them the best that is in them: Look them over and with a pair of kitchen scissors or a sharp, thin-bladed knife clip off the tiny hard red end of every berry—the stem end which seldom gets perfectly ripe, certainly not as ripe as the rest of the berry, and in which lies the sour, puckery taste. When the stem end is removed the sugar can penetrate where it is most needed. Wash the berries and put them in a porcelain-lined or agate kettle with sufficient cold water to allow for all the juice desired, just enough to cover is a good rule; then with a tablespoon—wooden or plated—carefully spread granulated sugar on top of the berries, using two medium-sized cupfuls or one pound for every quart of berries. Do not stir the sugar at all. Set the kettle aside for several hours or even all night. Leaving the sugar to dissolve over them in this way seems to harden the berries and makes them keep their shape. When ready to stew them set the kettle on the back of the stove where they will cook very slowly, uncovered and with the sugar still over them, but as the scum rises press the berries down gently into the juice with the back of the tablespoon, also carefully skim off all the scum that rises. If covered or stirred the berries will surely cook to a mush. When the berries are ready to be removed from the fire they will be as perfect in shape as when put in the kettle,

perfectly transparent and a beautiful, rich red. The juice, too, if all the scum has been removed, will be so luscious that you will be amazed at the difference between this sauce and the kind usually served—a puckery mush. That any fruit so highly prized as cranberries, that come just in season to serve with game and other meats, and that last the Winter through should be ruined so frequently in cooking seems a wicked waste of fine material. In cooking the turkey, that majestic American bird, the housewife spares no pains to have it done in such a way as to please the eye as well as tempt the taste, then why not as skilfully cook that finest of relishes, cranberry sauce, in a manner befitting what associates with His Majesty King Turkey.

When cranberry jelly is desired, as is frequently the case, as some people of delicate digestion cannot eat the skin and seeds, cover the well-washed berries with cold water, then cover the kettle and bring to the boil and cook until the berries can be mashed with a spoon. Strain the juice through a jelly bag or fine strainer and for every cupful allow a cupful and a half of granulated sugar. Put the sugar in the saucepan, turn the strained juice over it and let stand until sugar is melted, then cook until a little jellies when put on a saucer. Turn into small individual moulds or egg cups and let stand for at least twenty-four hours. Serve one of these to each guest, or if preferred the jelly may be moulded in one large form and distributed in slices.

For a Thanksgiving pudding which melts in the mouth warm a pint each of molasses and rich milk then mix them. Beat four eggs light and beat into the molasses and milk, also add a cupful of finely-chopped suet and sifted corn meal sufficient to make a thick batter, stir into this a teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg and salt, and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Pour into the well-buttered baking pan and bake for half an hour when stir thoroughly and bake for one hour and a half longer. Serve hot with hard sauce, wine sauce or lemon sauce.

THE COOKERY OF APPLES

By Estelle Cowing

NORTH America is the greatest apple-producing region in the world, and New York leads all other States in the quantity grown. As the apple may be had all the year around, and is especially delicious and reasonable in price when other fruits are costly and unobtainable it may easily be regarded as the most important fruit our country produces. Also it is acceptable to the palate whether eaten raw or cooked, and is wholesome in either state. At first thought apple cookery would suggest only apple sauce and baked apples, but a newspaper recently published the fact that the girls in a certain Western college have been taught to prepare apples for the table in one hundred and twenty-seven different ways. While all the one hundred and twenty-seven recipes cannot be given in these columns because of limited space the ones which are presented will be found novel and delicious.

German Apple Pie.—Sift together two cupfuls of pastry flour and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, then rub into this a tablespoonful of soft butter, add a pinch of salt, one well-beaten egg and sweet milk to make a soft dough. Roll out to half an inch thickness, and cover the bottom and sides of a well-buttered baking tin such as is used for tea biscuit. Into this dough-shell put peeled, cored and quartered juicy apples and sprinkle with powdered cinnamon and granulated sugar or pour on a little molasses. Do not cover the top with the dough. Bake in a quick oven until the apples are light brown in color, then serve hot or cold with powdered sugar and cream.

Apple Plum Pudding.—Shred fine six ounces of suet and mix with it a pinch of salt, four ounces of granulated sugar, half a pound of sifted bread crumbs, half a pound each of chopped apples, raisins and currants, two ounces of shredded citron, half a teaspoonful of mixed ground spices and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir in last of all four well-beaten eggs, and if there is no objection a wineglassful of brandy. Turn into a well-buttered pudding mould and boil for four hours. Serve with hard sauce, or a liquid lemon sauce. It is good hot or cold.

Apple Butter.—This is by no means the preserves-like compound so delicious as a spread for little folks' bread in Winter, although it is a kind of superior first cousin to it. To make the butter, peel, quarter and core a dozen fine flavored apples and put them in an earthenware baking dish with a heaping tablespoonful of butter and three of granulated sugar. Set on the stove for five minutes or until the sugar and butter are melted, then add half a tumblerful of peach, apricot or quince jam and the grated rind of an orange, and set in the oven with a cover over the dish until the apples are soft. Beat lightly with a fork but not enough to reduce the apples to a pulp. Turn into a mold wet with ice water and set in a cold place to harden. Serve with cream.

Apple Souffle Pudding.—Peel, core and cook to a pulp four pounds of tart apples, using as little water as possible. When soft but still

hot stir in four ounces of butter. Let cool, then add half a pint of cream, sugar to make quite sweet, the grated rind of a lemon, one grated nutmeg—or cinnamon may be used if the flavor is preferred—and last of all four well-beaten eggs. Stir all thoroughly, then pour into a deep dish lined with puff paste and bake until the crust edge begins to brown. The pudding should be very light and should be eaten at once, no sauce being required, although sweet cream is a dainty addition.

Apple Cup Custard.—Pare, core and quarter a dozen fine flavored apples. Grate over them the peel of a lemon, then stew in just enough water to keep from burning until soft when mash smooth and measure out three cupfuls of the pulp with which mix half a cupful of granulated sugar and let cool. Beat six eggs very light then add to them gradually a quart of rich milk and the stewed apples, putting in first a little milk then a little apple until all is mixed when pour into custard cups and bake for twenty minutes. When ready to serve grate a little nutmeg over the tops. The custards should be served cold.

Apple Glace.—Use for this firm greenings, and select those that are of uniform size and shape. Pare them and cut in half, removing the cores carefully not to break the pulp. Put in a saucepan with just water enough to cover—it is better to cook only a few at a time—and for every six apples put in a cupful of granulated sugar. Simmer very slowly after bringing to the boil until the apple halves can be easily pierced with a broomstick, then remove with a skimmer to the dish in which the dessert is to be served—preferably a pretty glass one—and continue cooking until all the halves are ready, when boil the syrup very slowly for half an hour longer, then pour over the apples. Set in a cold place and leave undisturbed for several hours. The syrup will form a transparent jelly over the apples. Serve with cream. Nutmeg or lemon peel may be used to flavor the apples while cooking and extra deliciousness may be given by adding a few blanched walnut meats.

Apple Puffs.—Make first a batter of three well-beaten eggs, a pint of milk, a pinch of salt and enough flour to make as for waffles, adding last of all one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Peel, core and chop half a dozen fine flavored apples. Put in buttered custard cups a layer of the batter then one of chopped apples. Sprinkle the apples with sugar and nutmeg or cinnamon, then pour in more batter, alternating the layers until the cups are full and finishing with a layer of the batter, allowing about half an inch for rising. Steam or bake for one hour and serve hot with cream and sugar, or with maple syrup.

Apple Indian Pudding.—Pare and core a dozen pippins and slice thin. Stir into a quart of sweet milk a quart of sifted corn meal, a pinch of salt, four tablespoonfuls of chopped suet and a teacupful of molasses. Last of all stir in well a teaspoonful of soda that has been dissolved in a little warm water. Pour the whole into a buttered pudding dish and bake for four hours. Serve hot with hard sauce or liquid lemon sauce, or with maple syrup.



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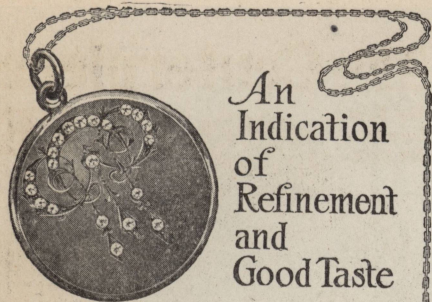
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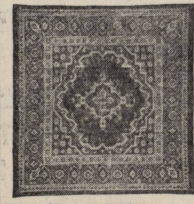
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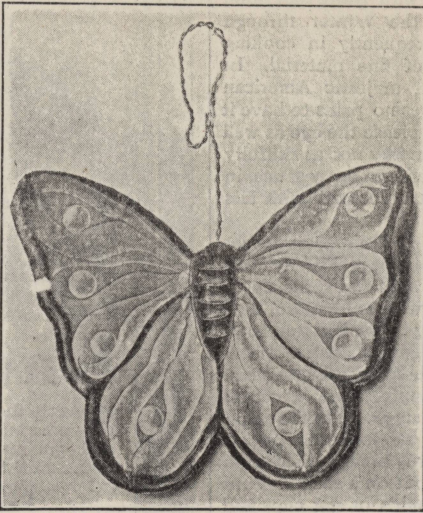
Scrap-Bag Christmas Gifts

By Cynthia Kauffman

IF you are gifted
with forehand-
ness you have
been saving up
against this time of
year all the pretty
bits of lace, silk, vel-
vet and satin which
have been left over
from the sewing
room, not to mention
lovely fine pieces of
linen, white or color-
ed, or crash which
remained after the
Summer dresses were
fashioned. Look over
your stores now and
plan out some Christ-
mas gifts which are
certain to be accepta-
ble because they are
useful as well as
pretty.

Let us begin with
the butterfly which
forms the most con-
venient of side shades
for center lamp or gas drop-light, or it can be
made in miniature size for candle shades. The
pictured one is eight and a half inches wide
and seven inches deep. It is made of light
yellow velvet cut to the right shape then
smoothly pasted on heavy cardboard, to which
is first sewed the wire holder which can be
bent to make the shade come to any height,
and which when in use is slipped inside the
glass or china shade. The markings of the
butterfly are made with water color, deeper
yellow and dark brown being the colors. Any
preferred color of velvet, satin or sateen may
be used for these pretty articles, and spangles
or beads may be sewed on the wings.

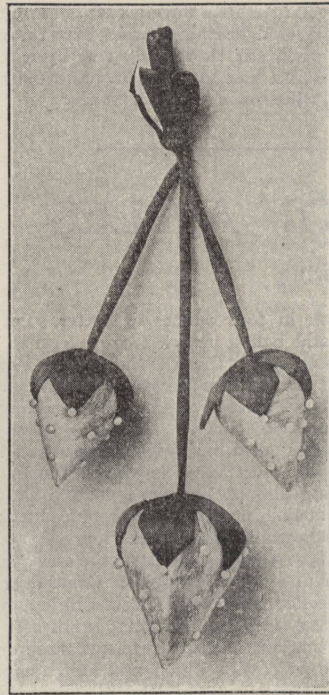
The holder for clippings is made of two
heavy pieces of cardboard nine and a half by
four and a half inches in size. These are laid
side by side lengthwise and about half an inch
apart, then brown linen pasted over them, the



Lamp or Gas Shade

are sure to receive
much handling.
The dainty little
hanging pincushion
is a kind of superior
development of the
strawberry cushion
of old times. The
one shown is made
of figured Dresden
ribbon, pink and
white in color, with
the caps and stems
of the berries made
of crimson satin rib-
bon. The little ber-
ries are stuffed with
sachet-scented cot-
ton, and different
colored pins are put
in each—the ones
pictured being white,
light blue and crys-
tal. Of the berries
pictured one meas-
ures three inches in
length, and two are
each two and one-
half inches long. Any number may be put in
a cluster and the colors selected should match
the other bureau furnishings. Odd bits of silk
or satin too small for any other use will come
in handy for their manufacture.

Finally there is the whisk-broom Dinah,
evolved from old black stockings, bits of lawn



For Fancy Pins

and gingham mounted on a cheap whisk
broom, the handle of which is wrapped with
strips of raw cotton to make it of the proper
size and shape then the black stocking sewed
over it and the nose and mouth outlined with
sewing silk. Bead teeth may be sewed on and
the eyes are made of white buttons with a
black bead sewed in the center. The doll by
no means impairs the usefulness of the whisk
so that the little article can do double duty as
a plaything for Baby and a brusher for the
older folks. An old white stocking and suit-
able dressing will make a white maid in frilly
cap and apron.

As whisk brooms may be obtained in several
sizes—some of them being very small—an as-
sorted set of these

funny little dolls can
be made for sale at the
holiday bazaar, some
of them being white
with little artificial
curls sewed inside their
sunbonnets or caps,
others black like the
pictured one, and oth-
ers still made of tan
stockings and dressed
like Indian maidens or
Chinese ladies; the
former having blank-
ets, feathers in their
hair and wee papooses
strapped to their backs,
and the latter with
long queue dangles
from their heads, and
fans in their hands. The
dolls always sell well,
no matter how dressed,
and as their cost to
the maker is only the
price of the whisk
broom, whatever they
bring in is pure gain,
whether they be sold
for charity or for per-
sonal benefit.



A Whisk-Broom Doll

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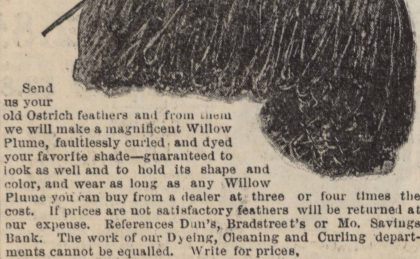
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KNITTED NOVELTIES

By Cynthia Kauffman



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Ladies' Kimono

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With Eidersil, cast on 43 stitches for lower edge of yoke back. Knit in garter stitch for 4 rows, bind off 4 stitches at each end, then knit until piece measures 7 1/2 inches.

First shoulder row: Knit 12 and run off on cord; knit and bind 11 for back of neck, and on remaining 12 stitches knit in garter stitch, increasing 1 stitch at neck end of every second row, until there are 30 stitches on needle. Knit without increasing until work, from first shoulder row down, measures 7 inches. End last row at outer or armhole edge, and cast on 4 stitches, for front portion of under-arm section. On the 34 stitches now on needle knit 4 rows, bind off.

Take stitches from cord onto needles and on them knit second front, repeating directions from beginning of second shoulder row. Take care that 'increasings' are made at neck end of needle, and under-arm stitches cast on at outer edge, or fronts will not be opposites.

With floss pick up stitches across back. K 1 and p 1 across row. When finished be sure stitches on needle may be evenly divided by 3, even if necessary to increase stitch or two.

First row of pattern: K 3, over twice, repeat to end of row.

Second row: K 3, * over twice, k 2 tog (letting the over twice drop in one long loop), k 2, repeat from * to end.

Repeat second row until garment measures 25 inches, then knit 2 rows in garter stitch and bind off.

Pick up stitches on each front and on them knit like back for same length, then bind off.

Pick up stitches around arm-hole. First row: K 1 in each stitch excepting for 5 inches around top of armhole, where k 1, p 1, and k 1, p 1, k 1, in alternate stitches. Work in pattern until sleeve is 11 inches long on inside seam, and bind off. Knit second sleeve like first.

Sew up seams of sleeves and under-arm seams, then with Shetland crochet a scallop all around, as follows: Make 1 s. c. in some stitch on edge, skip enough stitches on edge to keep work flat, * 2 treble crochet in next. Ch. 3, catch in top of last treble crochet for a picot, and repeat from * until there are 10 treble crochet in scallop. Do not make picot after last treble. Instead skip same number of stitches as before, then make 1 s. c.

Kimono Jacket for Four-Year old Child

Materials required: 5 skeins Bear Brand Saxony yarn, 3-fold, and 4 skeins in contrasting color; 2 pairs steel knitting needles No. 14; 1 coarse steel crochet hook.

Cast on 108 stitches and on them knit 100 rows (50 ribs), narrowing 1 stitch on each end of every eighth row. In last row there will be 84 stitches. The portion knit is for lower part of back.

Pass first 42 stitches on to a cord, leaving 42 stitches on needle, for half the back. At end of row cast on 70 stitches, making 112 stitches in all on needle. These added stitches are for first sleeve.

First sleeve row: Turn, k 8, turn, slip 1, k 7. Third row: Turn, k 16, turn, slip 1, k 15.

Continue in this way, when working toward center always knitting 8 stitches more than on preceding row; then turn, slip 1, knit to edge. Do this for 18 rows, then on nineteenth row knit across entire needle, to center of back.

Knit 46 rows (23 ribs) across entire needle, narrowing 1 stitch at center of back in every row that begins there. When 46 rows have been knit, 89 stitches will remain on the needle.

Knit 10 rows without narrowing for top of sleeve and shoulder, then 47 rows more, increasing 1 stitch at center back end in every row that begins there. This is for front of sleeve and neck. Make sleeve gore rows next. Turn, k 72, turn, slip 1, knit to edge.

Third row: Turn, k 64, turn, slip 1, knit to edge. Continue knitting 8 stitches less in each row worked toward center, until no stitches remain at end to be worked. Turn, bind off 70 sts, knit 100 rows, increasing 1 st. at under-arm end of every eighth rib. Bind off.

Pass stitches from cord onto needle and on them knit second front like first.

Use the colored wool. Pick up stitches across bottom of back, and knit 30 rows, increasing 1 stitch in beginning each row. Bind off.

Pick up stitches from lower point of back edge of sleeve, up sleeve, and down same side of back, to lower border. On these knit 30 rows. Increase 1 stitch in beginning each row and at upper point of arm k 3 tog. Do not bind.

With another needle pick up stitches along other side of same sleeve and down front, on them knit 30 rows, then bind off 2 stitches at a time, a stitch from each border, thus joining sleeve and under-arm seam. Sew up mitred corners.

Work a border up each front, each 30 rows wide, in rows that begin at bottom increasing as usual, and decreasing 1 stitch in beginning rows at top.

On each four sides of neck pick up stitches, and knit 30 rows. Bind and turn over.

Work s. c. on all edges for strength.



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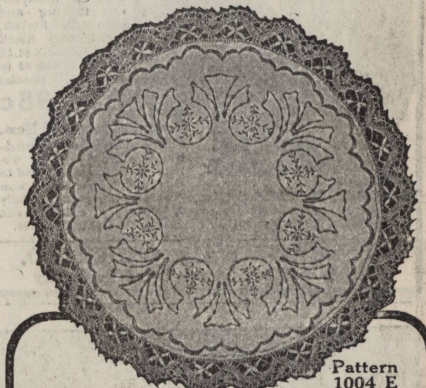
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Girls' Dress, No. 5103, with front yoke and panel in one, is in four sizes, from six to twelve years, the eight-year size requiring 3 yards of 36-inch material.

Children's Dress, No. 5053, with front yoke and skirt panel in one, may have long or short sleeves, and is in three sizes, one, three and five years, the three-year size requiring 2 3-4 yards material measuring 36 inches in width.

Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, No. 5060, with body and skirt front in one, is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, the 36-inch bust requiring 5 1-2 yards of 27-inch material with 2 7-8 yards of 27-inch contrasting goods for flounce.

Ladies' Coat, No. 5096, is in twenty-three inch length, and six sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure, the 36-inch size requiring 2 1-8 yards of 54-inch material.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5094, with side of body and cap sleeve cut in one and with an underslip, is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, the 36-inch bust requiring 2 5-8 yards of 24-inch material for waist and 3 yards of 18-inch all-over for underslip.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5110, closes at front and has an underslip. It is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, the 36-inch size requiring 2 1-8 yards of 36-inch material with 1 3-4



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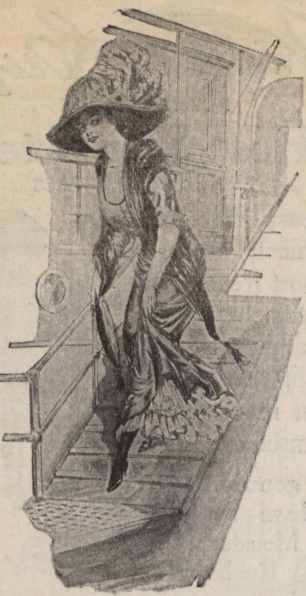
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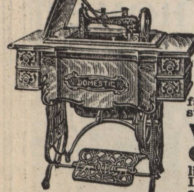
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yards of 18-inch all-over. Ladies' Six-Gored Trotteur Skirt, No. 5128, closes at left of front, and is in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure. The 24-inch waist requires 4 3/8 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5048, has no shoulder seams and closes at back. It is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; the 36-inch bust requires 1 5/8 yards of 36-inch material. Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt, No. 5024, is in short sweep length, and may be made with or without the trimming fold. It is in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure, the 24-inch waist requiring with fold 6 5/8 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5090, with a yoke facing, is in six sizes 32 to 42 inches bust, the 36-inch bust requiring 2 yards 36-inch material with 1-2 yard of 18-inch tucking. Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, No. 5120, is in six sizes, 22 to 32

inches waist measure, the 24-inch waist requiring 5 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Semi-Fitted Coat, No. 5104, is in thirty-six-inch length and seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch bust requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Ladies' Three-piece Skirt, No. 5092, has an under box-plait at back, and is in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure, the 24-inch waist requiring 4 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5098, is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure, the 36-bust requiring 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch material with 3/4 yard of 18-inch all-over. Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt, No. 5100, is in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure.

Ladies' Waist, No. 5121, is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust. Ladies' Eight-Gored Skirt, No. 5116, is in six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure.



No. 5104, Ladies' Semi-Fitted Coat and No. 5092, Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt No. 5098, Ladies' Waist and No. 5100, Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt No. 5121, Ladies' Waist and No. 5116, Ladies' Eight-Gored Skirt

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A Rubber Glove Hint



Take soap and cover your gloves well with lather before trying to put on your rubber gloves and see how easy they will slip on. I had almost discarded my gloves until I tried this plan, they were so hard to get on.

W. T. H., of Kentucky.

Three Cookery Hints

Run cod-fish through the food chopper and save time, you can grind through a boxfull in a short time, also home dried beef is excellent fixed in this way.

When you have mashed potatoes try putting in finely sliced onion, pepper, salt, milk and butter in a part of it.

Butter large crackers and lay a slice of cheese on each one and salt them then put in the oven until brown. MRS. F. D. P., of New York.

For Washing Day

When washing colored stockings put a little vinegar in the rinsing water. It will keep the colored stockings from fading and make the black ones retain their original lustre.

A nice gloss for collars and shirt fronts can be made by dissolving five cents' worth of gum Arabic in a pint of hot water. When cool put in a bottle and keep well corked. Add one teaspoonful to every pint of starch. Before using add three drops of turpentine.

M. C., of Massachusetts.

An Easy Way to Wash a Heavy Comfortable

Examine the comfortable very carefully and if you find soiled spots soap them and scrub with a small brush. Hang the comfortable on a strong line in the yard, and turn the garden hose on. When one side is washed turn and wash the other. The water forces its way through cotton and covering, making the comfortable as light and fluffy as when new. Squeeze the corners and ends as dry as possible.

E. G., of Pennsylvania.

Drawing Strings of Corset Lacing

In finishing off an underskirt, I have found that a corset string makes an excellent drawing string for the top of the skirt. Make a narrow casing by turning and stitching down a quarter of an inch of top of skirt. Cut little holes through the casing, one on each side of center of back about six or eight inches apart; then with one end of the string pinned over a wire hairpin or a clasped safety-pin, draw the string into the casing, having the ends pass each other and out through the little holes you have made for them. Draw up the string and tie in front or on one side. Sew through the string in center of front and it will not slip out of place.

C. M., of Nebraska.

For the Home Dressmaker

Please allow me to suggest a few helps for the home dressmaker.

If you have difficulty in getting the plaits or tucks alike on the opposite sides of your shirt-waist, lay the two sides together evenly, then stitch on the sewing machine, with the needle unthreaded, where the plaits are wanted. Afterward fold, with the line of perforation left by the needle at the edge of the plaits and baste, this saves the constant measuring and comparing sides.

When you wish to gather the sleeves at top and bottom, tighten the machine tension until the upper thread lies straight on the goods and stitch where the gathers should be. By drawing up the straight thread the goods will be gathered much more smoothly than if sewed by hand and as it will not slip easily, can often be sewed in place without the trouble of basting.

When making a number of similar garments for a child, cut them all out before you begin sewing, and thus avoid repeated delays from mislaid patterns and forgotten measurements and alterations. Roll up each garment separately and when you are ready for sewing you will have everything at hand.

F. L. S., of California.

When Washing Windows

Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a home than to have the glass, whether it be in windows, on pictures or book cases, in a brilliant condition and without a speck. When washing glass I use half a pail of hot water to which has been added a tablespoonful of kerosene, and let it partly dry itself. Then I dry and shine with a soft cloth. The small quantity of kerosene gives it an added brilliancy and the slight odor that clings to the glass tends to discourage flies and insects of any nature.

M. B. G., of Wisconsin.

A New Use for Lace Braid.

In making underclothes or any other garments where a finishing braid or tape is required, you will find it much cheaper to buy the braid used in making Battenberg lace, instead of the ordinary featherstitch braids. A bolt of thirty-six yards of the former will cost twenty-five cents, and look equally as neat and give as good service, as the latter which costs ten cents for six yards.

G. H. F., of Wisconsin.

Helps from Minnesota

When the children make scrap books give them plenty of blotters instead of rags as they absorb the paste better and press the work on smoothly leaving no dirty marks. If you cannot get enough advertising blotters go to your printers and buy the large sheets and cut the size you want. They do not cost much, five or ten cents' worth will last a long time as when dry they may be used again. While you are there get a nickel's worth of gummed paper and label your fruit jars, mending torn pages, labeling cans on pantry shelves containing spices, coffee, rice, beans, etc., that are not in original package. They are easily found if you send the children after something.

J. V. M., of Minn.

A Wash Cloth for the Guest Room

Take the good parts of worn Turkish towels, cut cloths the desired size and stitch close to the edge on the machine. Then crochet an edge, catching the crochet hook below the stitching to prevent fraying. Use a soft crochet cotton and you have a very pretty and substantial wash cloth. B. F. D., of Wyoming.

The Horse-Blanket Safety Pins



When Baby is big enough to creep about when he wakes from his nap, and so is apt to fall off the bed, it is such a help to his mother to have a large safety

pin such as can be bought at harness stores, and which is used to pin horse blankets, with which to pin the little one's night gown or dress to the bed quilt. Try it and save the baby a tumble.

E. J. T., of Minnesota.

Four Fine Little Items from Ohio

To make ironing less tiresome.—Take a rug or piece of carpet and fold it twice thus making a pad to stand upon. Try this and see how much less tired your feet become after ironing a few hours.

To save stockings.—Before wearing a pair of stockings, I rub paraffine wax well in the heels and toes of the stockings both inside and out. To do this, hold the cake of wax over the fire until it becomes soft then rub it on the stocking. If the stockings are washed at home, once treating them with the wax will last several weeks. Repeat as needed. I have found this a splendid stocking saver and many of my friends agree with me. I wore two pair of stockings thus treated (and they were fifteen cent hose) from September until July without darning them.

To press clothing without leaving the imprint of the iron.—Instead of using water alone to wet the pressing cloth in, use warm water containing a little white soap.

An interesting quilt.—Have blocks of cloth the size of a brick cut from two contrasting colors which will wash well, say green and white muslin. Give one to each of your friends asking them to write their name on it to be outlined with embroidery floss, the white blocks having the green floss and vice versa. I have also asked my friends to place their birthday date in one corner. I then put the blocks together, alternating colors and in order as to dates. For a shut-in or when one is sick such a coverlet gives much to think about.

Miss M. M. M. M., of Ohio.

Winter Morning Glories.

I wonder if any of you have tried raising morning glories in the house in Winter and know how pretty they are. Last Fall, just as an experiment, we put five or six morning-glory seeds in a small flower pot (one just a nice size for the table) and when they came up made a small rack for them, and with a little care in watering, and twining them around the rack we soon had a very pretty little plant, as there would be from one to five blossoms on it every morning and they did look so bright and cheerful on the breakfast table on a cold Winter's morning and when the sun was not too bright would sometimes stay out all day.

E. M. G., of New York.



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Just a small remittance each month—whatever you can conveniently spare—and the beautiful home furnishings you select are easily paid for. Goods are promptly shipped and you may take from 10 to 30 months in which to pay for them. It's the most liberal and the most convenient credit service given by any home furnishing concern on the American continent. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit—no interest—no extras of any kind.

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MASSIVE BED, any color of enamel or in gold bronze finish; 6 broad decorated panels; any width; fitted complete with splendid cotton top mattress and best woven wire springs with spiral spring supports. Three articles at the price of one. BIG BARGAIN. Terms \$1. cash, 50 cents monthly.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO LOVE TO DRAW



This cartoon was drawn by "Zim," the world's most famous cartoonist of "Judge." Can you make a copy of it? Try and see how easy it can be done. Draw this cartoon NOW, with either pen and ink or pencil, making it twice the size shown, and send it to us today, stating your age, occupation and if you have ever won a prize in our Contests.

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Our Board of Art Directors will carefully examine your sketch and if it is 60 per cent. as good as the original you will receive as a prize "The Home Educator" for 3 months. If you do not hear from us in ten days, your drawing was rejected.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

"The Home Educator" is a very inspiring magazine for both men and women, it is fully illustrated by world-famous illustrators. There is positively no money consideration connected with this Prize Contest. Neither can you buy or subscribe for this magazine—it is awarded only to prize winners in our Contests. Copy this cartoon NOW and mail it to us this very day.

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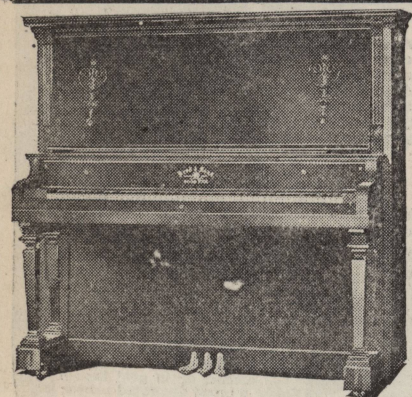


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Given with The Housewife for One Year for \$2.00, or Given Free for a Club of Eleven yearly Subscribers at 35 cents each, or Twenty-two at 25 cents each, or Eleven Subscribers at 25 cents each with 65 cents extra in cash. Price, without Subscriptions, \$1.75 each, postpaid.

These Sweater Jackets are made of the finest quality heavy, specially prepared worsted, and are exceedingly soft. They are as heavy as any sweater can be made and not be cumbersome. Colors Gray, Cardinal or White. This sweater is an article which we can heartily recommend. Sizes up to 34 inch chest.

Premium No. 1110

Mention sizes when ordering. It is sent postpaid.

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The Housewife, 52 Duane Street, New York

Anne of Avonlea.

Continued from page 22

CHAPTER XII.

A JONAH DAY

It began the night before a grumbling tooth-ache. When Anne arose in the dull, bitter Winter morning she felt that life was flat, stale, and unprofitable.

She went to school in no angelic mood. Her cheek was swollen and her face ached. The schoolroom was cold and smoky, the fire refused to burn and the children were huddled about it. Anne sent them to their seats with a sharper tone than she had ever before used. Anthony Pye strutted to his with his impertinent swagger and she saw him whisper something to his seat-mate and then glance at her with a grin.

Never had there been, so many squeaky pencils as there were that morning; and when Barbara Shaw came up to the desk with a sum she tripped over the coal scuttle. The coal rolled to every part of the room, her slate was broken into fragments, and when she picked herself up, her face stained with coal dust, sent the boys into roars of laughter.

Anne turned from the second reader class which she was hearing.

"Really, Barbara," she said icily, "if you cannot move without falling over something you'd better remain in your seat. It is disgraceful for a girl of your age to be so awkward."

Poor Barbara stumbled back to her desk, her tears combining with the coal dust to produce an effect truly grotesque. Anne felt a prick of conscience but it only served to increase her mental irritation. Just as Anne was snapping the sums out St. Clair Donnell arrived.

"You are half an hour late, St. Clair," Anne reminded him frigidly. "Why is this?"

"I had to help Ma make a pudding for dinner 'cause we're expecting company and Clarice Almira's sick," was St. Clair's answer, given in a respectful voice but provocative of great mirth among his mates.

"Take your seat and work out the six problems on page eighty-four of your arithmetic for punishment," said Anne. St. Clair looked amazed but went meekly to his desk and took out his slate. Then he stealthily passed a small parcel to Joe Sloane across the aisle. Anne caught him in the act and jumped to a conclusion.

Old Mrs. Hiram Sloane had taken to making and selling "nut cakes" by way of adding to her income. The cakes were tempting and for several weeks Anne had had trouble in regard to them. The boys would bring the cakes to school, and, if possible, eat them during school hours. Anne had warned them that if they brought any more cakes to school they would be confiscated. Here was St. Clair Donnell passing a parcel of them, wrapped up in the blue and white striped paper Mrs. Hiram used, under her eyes.

"Joseph," said Anne quietly, "bring that parcel here."

Joe obeyed. He was a fat urchin who blushed and stuttered when he was frightened. Never did anybody look more guilty than at that moment.

"Throw it into the fire," said Anne.

Joe looked blank. "P-p-p-lease, m-m-miss," he began.

"Do as I tell you, Joseph."

"B-b-but m-m-miss-th-th-they're—" gasped Joe in desperation.

"Joseph, are you going to obey me or not?" said Anne.

Joe, with an agonized glance at St. Clair, went to the stove, opened the front door, and threw the blue and white parcel in. Then dodged back just in time.

The innocent looking parcel which Anne had supposed to contain Mrs. Hiram's nut cakes held an assortment of firecrackers and pin-wheels for which Warren Sloane had sent to town by St. Clair Donnell's father the day before intending to have a birthday celebration that evening. The crackers went off into a thunder-clap of noise and the pin-wheels bursting out of the door spun madly around the room, hissing and spluttering. Anne dropped into her chair. The girls climbed, shrieking upon their desks. Joe Sloane stood in the midst of the commotion and St. Clair, helpless with laughter, rocked to and fro in the aisle. Prillie Rogers fainted and Annetta Bell went into hysterics.

It seemed a long time before the last pin-wheel subsided. Anne sprang to open doors and windows and let out the gas and smoke which filled the room. Then she helped the girls carry Prillie into the porch, where Barbara Shaw poured a pailful of half frozen water over Prillie's face and shoulders before anyone could stop her.

It was a full hour before quiet was restored, but it was a quiet that might be felt. Everybody realized that even the explosion had not cleared the teacher's atmosphere. Nobody, except Anthony Pye, dared whisper. The geography class were whisked through a continent with a speed that made them dizzy. The grammar class were parsed and analyzed within an inch of their lives. Chester Sloane, spelling "odoriferous" with two f's, was made to feel that he could never live down the disgrace of it.

Anne knew she had made herself ridiculous and the incident would be laughed over that night at a score of tea-tables, but the knowledge angered her further. In a calmer mood she could have carried off the situation with a

laugh but now that was impossible; so she ignored it in icy disdain.

When Anne returned to school after dinner all the children were in their seats and every face was bent over a desk except Anthony Pye's. He peered across his book at Anne, his eyes sparkling with curiosity and mockery. Anne twitched open the drawer of her desk and a lively mouse sprang out of the drawer, scampered over the desk and leaped to the floor.

Anne screamed and sprang back, and Anthony Pye laughed aloud.

Then a silence fell, a creepy, uncomfortable silence. Annetta Bell was of two minds whether to go into hysterics again or not, especially as she didn't know where the mouse had gone. But she decided not to.

"Who put that mouse in my desk?" said Anne. Her voice was quite low but it made a shiver go up and down Paul Irving's spine. Joe Sloane caught her eye, but stuttered out wildly.

"N-n-not m-m-me t-t-teacher, n-n-not m-m-me."

Anne paid no attention to Joseph. She looked at Anthony Pye, and Anthony Pye looked back.

"Anthony, was it you?"

"Yes, it was," said Anthony insolently.

Anne took her pointer from her desk. It was a long, heavy hardwood pointer.

"Come here, Anthony," she said.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Christmas Problem—Solved

ON pages twelve and thirteen of this issue of THE HOUSEWIFE will be found a beautiful double-page advertisement of The Baird-North Company of Providence, R. I. The advertisement in itself is big enough and beautiful enough to catch the eye, and it tells its own story very convincingly, but we want to make sure that every reader of THE HOUSEWIFE cuts off the coupon at the corner and sends it in to the Baird-North Company for a catalogue.

The Baird-North Company is the largest mail-order jewelry house in the world, and its very size is a tribute to its business methods. This business was started sixteen years ago in a very small way, but with the determination to give every customer a square deal and its wonderful success is built up on just one thing—satisfied customers, more than a million of them.

It sells every article in the catalogue under an iron-clad guarantee that makes it just as safe to trade with it as in any jewelry store in your own town, and the customer, whether she lives in the farthest confines of the United States or in a foreign country, may buy with the absolute certainty of getting a square deal.

Last year and the year before more than six thousand of our readers sent for Baird-North catalogues advertised in THE HOUSEWIFE, and not a single one of them had any cause to complain. This year we hope that every reader will send for the new catalogue.

The Baird-North catalogue is in itself a thing of beauty, and should be in every home. It is a triumph of the engraver's art, and its 192 pages are completely filled with beautiful pictures of the most fascinating of silver novelties of every description. More than 10,000 pieces are pictured and listed and so great is the variety that the catalogue is practically an encyclopedia of the field it covers.

It is a valuable book to have about the house at all seasons of the year, and is indispensable at Christmas time.

How many times have we all resolved to take time by the forelock and make our Christmas purchases early, only to find that we've had to join with thousands of others in the last mad rush on the night before Santa Claus makes his visit.

Then we've found that we never could get things satisfactorily in the rush and crush of Christmas Eve shopping, and indeed we always considered ourselves mighty lucky if we didn't get things all mixed up and give Grandma Willie's new sled, while Willie howls with delight (?) at the receipt of a new silver holder for a pair of spectacles.

This catalogue obviates all this rush and confusion. The variety of articles listed is so comprehensive that gifts to suit every taste may be found therein. How much easier it is to sit down in the quiet of one's home and look through an interesting book checking here and there the things that appear to fit the needs of each of our friends? Then set the numbers down on the order sheet and send it along with a money-order for the amount and sit back with a feeling of satisfaction at the thought that the Christmas gifts are all taken care of—for Baird-North will do the rest.

No matter where you live, this catalogue places you on an equal footing with the persons who have access to the big department stores. The prices are lower than can be obtained in most stores, and you can absolutely rely on the integrity of this house.

So sit right down now and fill out the coupon on page thirteen and send it in to-day, so as to have the catalogue in the house. It is absolutely free and we know you will enjoy the book and if you buy of the Baird-North Company, we know you will enjoy your experience.

NO MORE HOMELY WOMEN

DIMPLES FOR ANY WOMAN—WRINKLES VANISH

FIGURE DEVELOPED

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS REMOVED FOREVER

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, follow her instructions, and beautify your face and form quickly.



The World's Greatest Beauty SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18

How we all envy the girl with a dimple in either cheek and how we frown at the world because dimples have been denied us, and so long as dimples are considered a mark of beauty, the feminine world will crave them. This woman, by the simplest method, is able to produce a dimple quickly, and any woman, by following her instructions may have one of these irresistible beauty spots.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the figure, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful and removed every blackhead and pimple in a single night.

You can imagine her joy, when by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no mask or common massage, no harmful plasters; no rollers, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing that the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed.

Mary Merritt, of Wis., writes, her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her figure is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes, she has not a wrinkle left.

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cunningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you absolutely free, everything she agrees and will show our readers.

How to quickly remove wrinkles;

How to develop a beautiful figure quickly;

How to develop the figure;

How to make long, thick eyelashes and eye-brows;

How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;

How to remove dark circles under the eyes;

How to quickly remove double chin;

How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;

How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;

How to remove warts and moles.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cunningham, Suite 701, 7 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information, which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets, lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose withers into the drift of yesterday's flower.

"Ten Dollars for a Double Chin I Can't Remove in a Week"

Says Mae Edna Wilder

No Dieting, Massage, Face Straps, Physical Culture or Internal Remedies

I removed my double chin and took off twenty pounds of superfluous flesh by the simple external application of a substance that makes flesh vanish like magic. It is so simple and easy that your most intimate associates need not know you use it. I feel ten years younger and as light-hearted as a girl of seventeen. I would not take back my unsightly double chin and my burden of excessive flesh for anything in all the world. I am so grateful that I will tell anyone free of charge how I did it, and will guarantee to do as much for them if they will follow my advice.

Don't write through curiosity. Don't write unless you have a double chin or excessive flesh, but if you suffer as I did, write me in confidence and you will find immediate relief. Mae Edna Wilder, Dept. 120 D, Rochester, N. Y., is my address, and I have a message that will make glad the heart of anyone who carries a burden of overweight and its most annoying and disfiguring mark, a double chin.



November Helps in Home Matters

Have Bedclothes Warm but Not Heavy.—The old-fashioned quilts lined with thick layers of batting weighed down the sleeper but did not impart to him very much heat. A single layer of lambswool will prove more satisfactory than several of the batting, while down between silkoline makes an ideal quilt, one that indeed is almost too warm in most sections. The three-quarters-wool blankets are perhaps the most hygienic coverings of all. All wool is not advisable as it will shrink and mat when laundered unless the greatest care is observed. If a flannel or flannellet nightgown or bed sack be worn during the coldest weather it will not be necessary to pile on the bed covering.

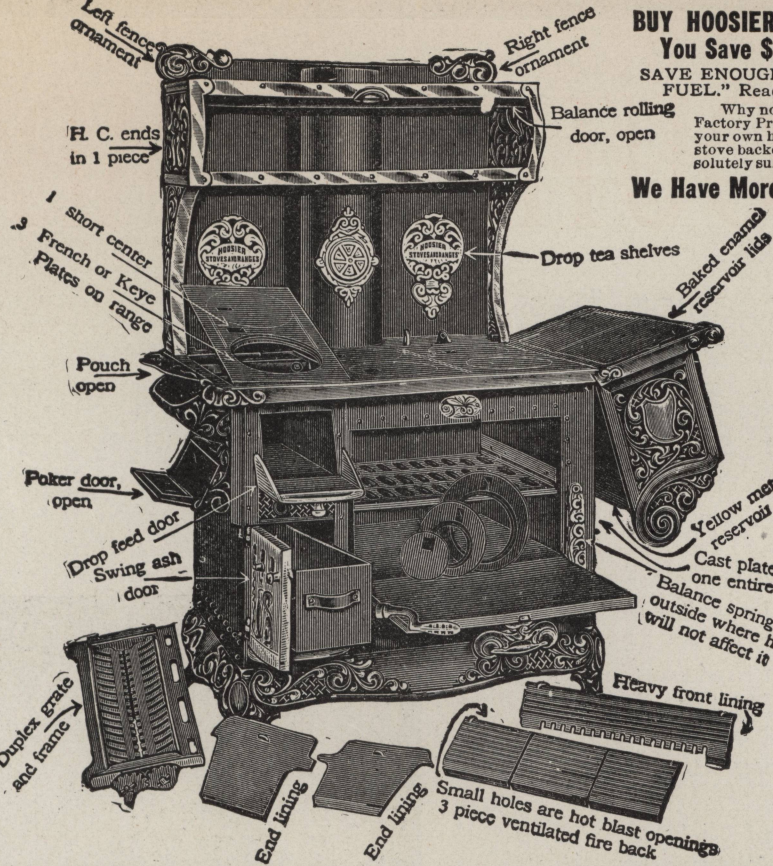
If One Has a Suspicion that Gas Pipes are Leaking a sure test can be made by mixing soap and water until almost a paste is formed, then the joints and other suspected places in the pipes coated with this. If there be a crack or break bubbles will appear there in a little while. This is a much safer plan than to attempt to locate the leak with matches or candle which often leads to an explosion.

To Clean Plaster of Paris Figures or Placques wash with white soap and water if very dirty, then give them a heavy coating of whiting mixed with water until it is like cream. Use a soft flat brush for the coating. The pieces will look like new as soon as the coating dries.

The Next Time You Have Threads to Draw for fancy hemming or for showing where to cut linen, soap the wrong side of the material along the line where the threads are to be drawn. It will make the work much easier. Stiff cotton will sew much easier if the seam edge be soaped, and beautiful even holes for eyelet embroidery may be made if a cake of soap be held under the material and the stiletto thrust through and into it.

Windows will not Frost if they are wiped off with a cloth dipped in alcohol or kerosene, and when it is desired to give them brilliancy after washing try wiping them with cold water in which has been dissolved a half a cupful of starch to a half gallon of water. Let this dry on, then rub off with a dry cloth.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR STOVES & RANGES



The New 1911 improvements on Hoosier stoves and ranges absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Get our free Catalogue and see our wonderful improvements and you will surely buy.

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BUY HOOSIER STOVES AND RANGES AT FACTORY PRICES!

You Save \$18.00 to \$22.00 on a Range or Base Burner.

SAVE ENOUGH ON A SINGLE STOVE TO BUY YOUR WINTER'S FUEL." Read About Our Remarkable Stove Improvements.

Why not buy the best when you can buy them at such low, unheard-of Factory Prices. Hoosier Stoves and Ranges are delivered for you to use in your own home 30 days free before you buy. A written guarantee with each stove backed by a Million Dollars. Our new 1911 improvements on stoves absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Send postal today for free catalog.

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Ashville, N. Y. Gentlemen—Wish to say that I am delighted with my Hoosier Range. It is a good heater, a fine baker, and takes the least fuel of any stove I have ever used. I find it exactly what you represented and as good a stove as my neighbors have that cost \$20.00 and \$30.00 more. Will speak a good word for you at every opportunity. Yours truly, Miss K. A. Card.

SAVED ENTIRE WINTER'S FUEL.

Mt. Morris, Ill. Hoosier Stove Co., Marion, Ind.: Gentlemen—The Hoosier Steel and Hoosier Poem Base Burner which I ordered from you last Fall are satisfactory in every way. Have taken plenty of time to give them a thorough test and find they are all you claim for them. Saved more than enough to buy my fuel for the winter by ordering my stoves from the Hoosier Stove Factory. Am ever ready and willing to say a good word for your Co. and will advise my friends to buy a Hoosier Stove or Range from your factory. Wishing your continued success, I am, Respectfully, Frank S. Stonebaker, R. R. No. 2. Let us send you the names of Hoosier Users in your community.

NOTICE
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